While you dream of happy days and years ahead of you—plan for them—make your dreams come true

Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

—create estates and incomes for families
—pay off mortgages
—educate children
—provide income in the event of retirement
—establish business credits
—stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men
—provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death
—provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness.

Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
I am interested in having details as to how a sound Life Insurance Program should be built. Please send a Metropolitan Field-Man who can, with a knowledge of my present earnings and future prospects, help me to start building.
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THE day you marry you become a builder of the future for your wife and yourself. You need help and the best helper you can find in all the world is your partner—your wife.

It may take years to realize your ambitions, but you can begin planning today.

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If you map out in advance the steps you will take, you will anticipate the feeling of security and happiness which results from well laid plans from which the "ifs" are removed.

Ask a Metropolitan Field-Man to help you choose the corner-stone best adapted to both your needs and your pocketbook. Let him show you also, how, as time goes on, you can protect your home, educate your children and look forward to days of independence following days of accomplishment.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT · · · ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEPT. 3, 1932

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

JANET SPEARS had never known her parents. There was a mystery about her early life, a saddened silence that finally brought her to stand in the Luxembourg before the portrait of a lovely woman who had once been famed on the American stage—the woman she had known only as her "Aunt Lucille."

Cary Littlefield, who might have been an artist save for the gentleman's philosophy by which he lived, found her and undertook to help her with the mystery of her beginnings. How he solved it, and why Jane never knew, is the subject of Edward L. McKenna's extraordinary story, "A Wonderful Woman."

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH is a great man. Ask anyone in Idaho. They idolize him there. And they leave him alone. They don't mind asking God to send a little more rain, but they'd never consider disturbing Senator Borah about an irrigation project. "He's a statesman," they'll tell you, "not a politician."

He's Idaho's gift to the world and Idaho is proud of him. His constituents may not know exactly what the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs is doing but they are confident that he will keep the other nations of the earth in hand. And they treasure the memory of the days when his law office in Boise served both as bedroom and place of business. "The Man Who Grew Up," by Walter Davenport, is the story of this unexampled relationship between an officeholder and his constituents.

DOMENICO LUPO owned the city. His racket poured out gold to corrupt the government and the police. The city's two million citizens stayed out of his way to keep from getting hurt. "Cream Puffs" was Lupo's name for them. There was no one tough enough to touch him. That is, until he met an old man from Kentucky who was not—as Hugh MacNair Kahler explains—in any sense a "Cream Puff."

AL WILLIAMS, the first man who ever did an outside loop in an airplane, tells you why he has never "stunted" and what he thinks of transocean flights. Edward L. McKenna, William G. Shepherd, Hagar Wilde, Bill Cunningham and others spare no pains to make you happy. The serials continue their breathtaking progress. So be prepared.

This Week

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Any Week

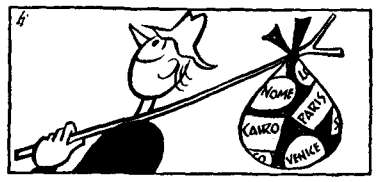
"OH, SURE," drawled Mr. Wilcey Wilder at Big Spring, Texas, "things are a little quiet hereabouts; but what the hell! Every now and then the good Lord fixes it so's you have a little time to think over what a darned fool you've been and what's next on the program."

ON THE bold hill where the astonishing Olympic Village stands overlooking Los Angeles we met a convivial soul who, with the rest of us, was looking at the scores of airplanes swooping in formation down the skies. After the last had vanished in the blue haze that hung above the Pacific, a solitary bird came along flying at random. A big one. It may have been a hawk, although we wouldn't know. But our well-plastered neighbor regarded the bird for a moment and then, sympathizing with its apparrent uncertainty, waved his hand and shouted:

"Hey, they went over that way."

AT DOUGLAS, Arizona, we met our first homeward-bound veteran of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. A cheerful but absolute wreck.

"We didn't get a nickel," he said, "but it sure was a fine experience. I think everybody ought to travel around more instead of staying home. They'd learn how the government's run. It's got me so's I want to see the rest of the world. Don't cost much if you go about it right."



THEY fight harder in the West. They have more enterprise than in the East. You have to visit the Pacific Coast to see real estate signs—huge ones—with the legend: "The Riviera—the Only Riviera with a Sewerage System" or "Buy a Lot; We Furnish a Tent, a Cot and Two Chairs Free. Also Free Vegetables for One Week." And business looked thriving, too.

THE northern newspapers make much of the overwhelming resubmission vote in Texas. But they wouldn't if they were to listen to the merchants and other substantial people of the southern cities and towns in the Lone Star State. Particularly to the Mexican border people in El Paso and so on.

They've found that prohibition laws do not stop drinking, particularly when all the individual drinker (to say nothing of the bootlegger) has to do is cross the Rio Grande and buy it in Mexico. But more to the point—and an exceedingly pertinent point at present—is the growing disposition of the pleasure seeker to spend his money in Old Mexico rather than drink soft drinks and orange juice, eat ice cream and patronize the movies and American restaurants here at home. The same for Southern California, where a short ride takes you to Agua Caliente and Tia Juana. Against the protests of the American café owner and so on, the government keeps the border open until midnight and thousands eat their dinners and spend the evening and their money in non-prohibition surroundings. The Mexican police maintain good order and the financial loss to Texas and California is heartbreaking.

AND Mr. Lew Arkins of Natchez, Mississippi, confesses that nothing makes him as sick as the predictions of the managers of the two major presidential candidates concerning what the voters of this and that state are going to do in November. Thirty years in active politics, Mr. Arkins says he's never seen so much perversity in the voting masses.

"Your old constituencies walk right up to the polls," mourns Mr. Arkins, "and vote regardless. They'll likely vote against you on general principles. All the folks want to know this year is the name of the fellow who's in, so they can vote him out. About the only advice I can give a man or woman who hopes to hold on to the job they got is to keep their mouth shut and then maybe the folks will forget they're in there."

SEVERAL sympathizers write to say that Mrs. Arthur Steinbrook is wasting time worrying about the bootleggers who will be out of work when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed. Mr. A. J. White, Kingsport, Tennessee, thinks they will go back to their old jobs as saloon keepers or bartenders, unless the booze is to be set out in barrels with dippers attached. Mr. James Kedwards, Youngstown, Ohio, thinks they ought to be shipped to Afghanistan. Why he chooses Afghanistan is not clear. Probably because it is far away and can't hit back.

ON a hot, dampening day we hail Dr. William Maurice Fresh of Hickory, N. C., with glad cries and rising spirits. "Collier's is getting better every week," he shouts, "and I am becoming a Collier's addict."

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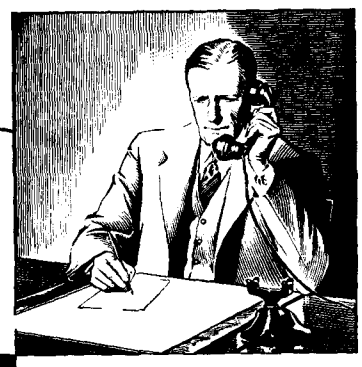
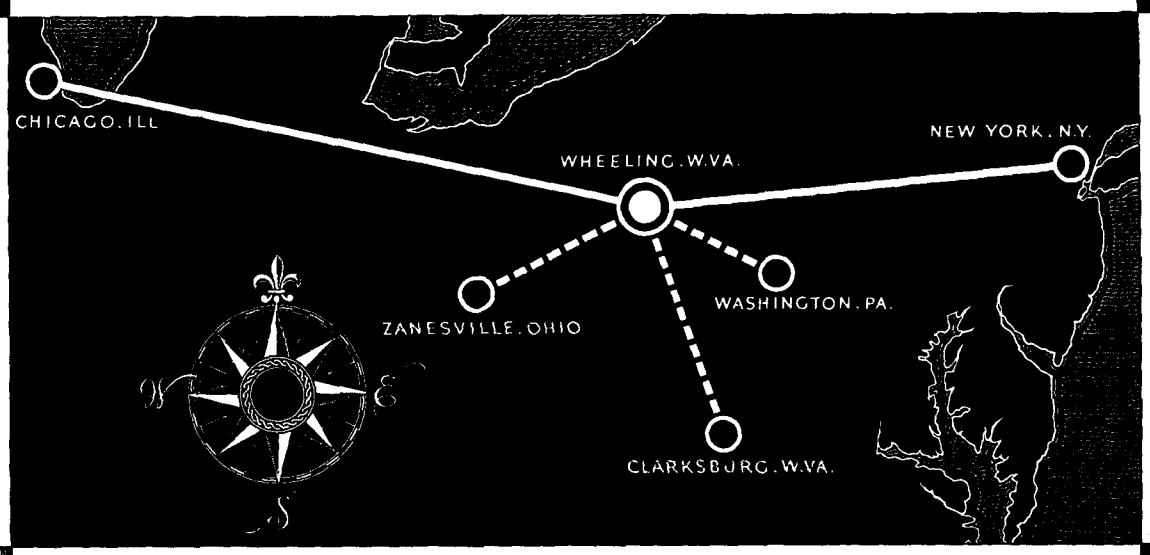
TWO WAYS TO REDUCE COSTS

Hazel-Atlas Glass Company effects many operating economies by (1) *Long Distance* and (2) *Private Line Teletypewriter Service*





Key points are connected by Private Line Teletypewriter Service (shown by unbroken lines) and Private Line Telephone Service (broken lines).

The Vice President in Charge of Sales says: "These services speed up production by getting communications to their destination 24 hours faster."

SALES COSTS DOWN. Sales volume up. That's the story of certain companies in spite of general conditions. Bell System communication services are playing an important part in cutting expenses and building new business.

The Hazel-Atlas Glass Company is one of today's successful concerns. The Vice President says: "Sales costs have been noticeably reduced by reason of Teletypewriter Service. And a liberal use of Bell System services generally has been of material aid in holding up our volume of business."

The company's officials in Wheeling, W. Va., and in the district sales offices and plants from coast to coast keep in close touch with each other by *Long Distance*. The salesmen in the field also maintain frequent contact with customers by this same method—making appointments, quoting prices, discussing designs, arranging deliveries.

Private Line Teletypewriter Service—typing by wire—connects the headquarters and plants in Wheeling with sales offices in New York and Chicago. Messages, reports, and inquiries, typed in one office, are simultaneously received in identical form at the others.

Thus, the company saves many hours in all departments each day through use of the services. Operating and distribution costs are cut. The productive power of the entire organization is increased.

Bell System services are helping many companies to eliminate profit-eating operations. Best results are obtained from the *planned* use of telephone facilities. The Telephone Plan of Market Coverage can be adapted to the particular requirements of any company. Have a telephone representative prepare a money-saving adaptation of this plan for *your* company. You incur no obligation.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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REAL LIFE MOVIES . . The Truth About Sally

Maybe you have a little girl like Sally—and perhaps, like Sally's mother, you have been unjust to her. Not deliberately, of course, but—well, listen!

2. "Sally Lennox! I'm *ashamed* of this report card. What will your father say? I'm sure Barbara Weeks didn't bring home a report card like this. Why can't you do as well as she?"

3. No wonder Sally cried herself to sleep that night. How she hated Barbara Weeks! Why must they always compare her with Barbara? She tried—she tried *so* hard. But somehow . . .

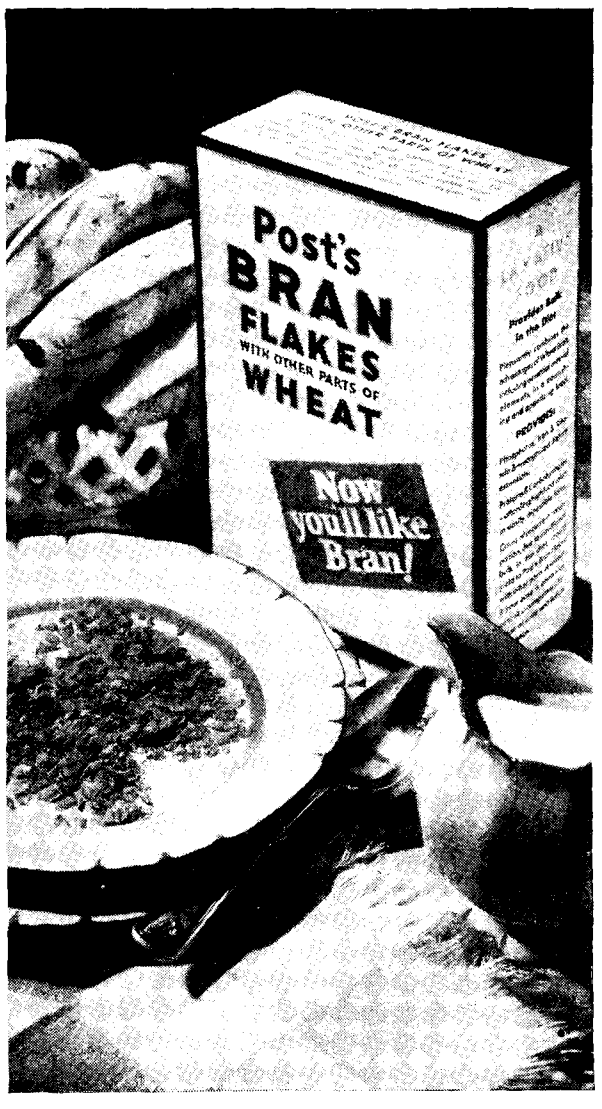
4. And then—a month later—another report card . . . and her grades even lower than the month before. Only a child could suffer as Sally suffered. How she dreaded going home from school . . .

5. Sally handed the card to her mother with trembling lips. Then, suddenly, sobs shook her little body. Mrs. Lennox, wet-eyed herself, held her close. How cruel she had been! Because . . .

6. That afternoon Miss Dwight, the school nurse, had called. She had asked many questions about Sally. Such a quiet, listless sort of little girl! Some might even call her lazy. But—

The truth was, Sally's real trouble was—*constipation*. How surprised Sally's mother was! And what a change when the trouble was corrected!

8. What a hurry Sally is in to get home! And no wonder! This month she has a better report than Barbara Weeks! And her teacher says she has improved amazingly. What a happy, full-of-life Sally!



HOW MOTHER HELPED SALLY BEAT BARBARA

© G. F. Corp., 1932

If your child is listless, lacks life and energy—do as Sally's mother did. She saw that Sally played outdoors more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank lots of water . . . and every morning—*regularly*—she gave her a generous bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes is a natural "regulator." It speeds up sluggish intestines gently, safely. Thus it often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to pale cheeks.

You'll find, moreover, that it is a most delicious food . . . thousands say the finest tasting cereal on the market.

So get a package of Post's Bran Flakes *at once*. Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob your children or you of the good things of life . . . Begin serving Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*. Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods.

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The Road to Jericho

As powerful as any sermon ever preached against divorce—and a story you'll remember!

By Elmer Davis

"Don, it could sound innocent enough," Janice declared. "Innocent!" he jeered. "A man you didn't care to name!"

THE man at the wheel kept his eyes on the roadway unrolling in the light of his headlamps; but Janice Blair, huddled beside him, was looking at the faint-lit speedometer that oscillated around fifty, at the clock that said ten minutes past eleven.

"How far is it now, Don?" she asked.

"Twenty miles or so. . . . Getting worried?"

"Of course. Jeff's train gets in at 11:38, and our house is only five minutes' walk from the station."

"People sometimes miss the 11:38 and have to wait for the 12:27."

"Not Jeff. On nights when he's working late he always leaves the office in plenty of time. If he gets home and doesn't find me there—"

"Where are you supposed to be?" he asked her.

"Over in Great Neck, at the movies. He'd know I ought to have been back from there before eleven."

"You might have stopped in at somebody's house after the show."

"Whose? If we begin asking our friends to lie for us we might as well put it in the papers. . . . We shouldn't have gone so far away, Don."

"Too many people know me in our part of Long Island. Anywhere within thirty miles of Manorwood we might have bumped into somebody—"

"So we go halfway to Montauk," she said, "and I take the chances."

"Well—I manage the best I can. We won't always have to hide out like this. Some day business is bound to pick up; then we can—"

"No use thinking about that now. . . . Can't you drive any faster?"

"NOT here. If a cop stopped us, or even took the number— There's a side road just ahead," he recalled. "Cuts over to the Jericho Turnpike. It might save us five minutes—but you can't tell what you might stumble into on these side roads late at night. Rum-runners, or worse—"

"I'll risk it," she said, "if you will. Muriel knows you're out in the car; no matter how late you get in, you can make up a story that she'd believe. But I— Please, Don, take that side road!"

He turned into it—a black stripe between thickets. No other cars were in sight, and as the speedometer skipped up to sixty Janice lit a cigarette and stared absently at the road ahead. She'd get home in time now, barring accidents; with that immediate worry lifted, she was free to worry about remoter things. . . . She wondered if Don Sharpe still believed that they were going to get their divorces, and marry as soon as he could afford to pay alimony. What about his children—and hers? Even if Jeff would let her have them, it wouldn't be easy to take them away from their father. Some people seemed to take such rearrangements lightly—but they were the rich, whose children were brought up by servants anyway. When children were used to both parents, needed them both—

She and Don hadn't thought much about that when this began; they hadn't thought much about anything, because there was nothing much they could do. He was the local realtor in Manorwood; he hadn't made a sale in months. And Janice had been doing her own housework since Jeff's second salary cut; even if Don could have supported her, the cook-housekeeper-nursemaid couldn't walk out on her family. They meant to get married as soon as business grew better and they could free themselves; her fastidious conscience had been soothed by the assurance that their affair was only a prelude. But business had grown worse. . . .

She lit another cigarette, staring at the black road unrolling in the shifting beam of light. . . . Some people took duplicity lightly too, but she hated it. Furtive midday meetings in Manhattan, when she went in to do her shopping; stolen evenings when Jeff was working in town, and she hired a neighbor's maid to stay with the children while she went out—to the movies. . . . Six months of that, and no end in sight.

IT WAS easier for Don; when he was out he knew his wife was with the children. She usually asked three other women in, to make up a table of bridge; twice she had asked Janice. A third time, and Muriel might begin to wonder at the coincidence of her husband's engage-

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ments with Mrs. Blair's. Still he knew his children were safe; while Janice, far from home, was harassed by visions of the house catching fire, and the borrowed maid losing her wits in the crisis. No wonder Don sometimes found her moody and unresponsive. . . .

It was worth it—of course; when you found yourself doing something you were ashamed of, it had to be worth it. When it began she and Jeff were hardly on speaking terms; she'd begun to think her marriage would have to be charged off as a loss, to feel that her only hope lay in a new venture. But now that things were going more smoothly at home—and the duplicity she had reluctantly accepted, as a temporary expedient, was becoming part of the routine of her life—

She sat up with a smothered scream.

"Don! Stop!" The car sped on. "Didn't you see it?" she gasped. "A car upset by the roadside—"

"Sure I saw it—but it's none of our business. May be a decoy for a hold-up, for all we know."

"But, Don!" Madly she clutched him; he had to stop as quickly as he could. "You've got a gun," she said. "Go back! The lights were still on; we must be the first car that's come past. If people are hurt back there we can't just—pass by on the other side."

"On the road to Jericho, Long Island? . . . The Good Samaritan didn't have to get home by 11:38," he reminded her.

"NEVER mind that. . . . Don—" She pressed her hands to her head, trying to recall what she'd seen in that quick flash of the headlights. "Don, I'm almost sure I saw a child. Lying on the ground, as if it had been pitched out—"

"Might have been a dummy," he muttered. She stared at him.

"Yes, it might," she said slowly. "And it might not. . . . Suppose somebody left one of *your* children lying hurt by the roadside?"

"Look here, Janice, you don't realize— Suppose it really is an accident. *We* can't take anybody to a hospital. We wouldn't get home till one o'clock—and we'd have to give our names. You could make up a name but I couldn't; they'd have the number of the car. If Muriel found out I'd been out with a woman, on a night when you were out late—"

His voice died away before the incredulous scorn in her eyes.

"I see. . . ." Suddenly she opened the door, got out. "Go on home to Muriel," she told him. "I'm going back to that wrecked automobile."

For an instant he listened to the click-clack of her heels on the road; then, cursing, he turned the car around, came up behind her as she walked swiftly on—bare-armed, bare-headed, her bronze hair shining in the glow of his headlamps. He stopped beside her; she got in without a word; cautiously they drove up to the wreck. . . . She laughed hysterically as the lights fell on that huddled bundle on the ground. It wasn't a child—only a topcoat, turned inside out and flung aside.

"That's that," said Don, disgusted. "We'd better be on our way."

"But we've got to see if there's anybody in that car."

She was getting out but he thrust her back; flashlight in hand he got out, began to explore the nearer thickets. He had plenty of physical courage, anyway. . . . She got out too, went to the wreck, as Don came up with the flashlight. A man lay sprawled beside the car, his eyes closed, his chest all bloody; his face seemed vaguely familiar. She bent down; he was still breathing. Vainly she tried to lift him.

"Don!" she called. The wounded man's eyes fluttered open.

"Horse Lombard," he whispered.

A man lay sprawled beside the car; his face seemed vaguely familiar

"Run me off the road, then plugged me. Tried to make it look like a stick-up—" His voice died out as Don came up, gun and flashlight still ready.

"Janice!" he cried. "You've got blood all over your arms!"

"So I have. . . . I think he's been shot, Don—but he's still alive. Help me lift him." But Don stood still.

"He looks like a tough customer, Janice—no great loss to society."

"But even so—!" She was breathing hard. "We can't just leave him here!" In the silence they heard a distant rapid sputter, saw a single headlight far down the road. Don relaxed in relief.

"Motor cop," he said. "He'll look after him. Time for us to go."

"He can't take this man to a hospital on a motorcycle."

"DO YOU want to give our names to the police?" he said furiously. "Have to tell them what we're doing out so late? See it all in the papers tomorrow?" He turned away. "Come on, Janice. You can't do a thing without the car—and the car's going back to Manorwood."

She stood still, incredulous, till she heard the engine starting; then, in panic, she ran to the car and climbed in. Before the motorcycle headlight touched them they were safe around a curve in the road. . . .

Once more the speedometer hovered around sixty; the clock stood at eleven-thirty. Shivering, Janice drew on her coat, sat silent.

"Of course I wouldn't have left you," Don reassured her presently. "But I had to get you started some way. . . . Looked like a gangster killing. We've got no business mixing in with things like that."

Her silence was implacable. Presently he tried again:

"Even Jeff must miss his train once in a while." Still she was silent. "We'd better get together on a story," he warned her. "If he does happen to have got home ahead of you—" She laughed acridly.

"Do you think that's what's worrying me, Don?"

"You mean he might not ask too many questions? . . . That's so," he said, relieved. "He couldn't afford to. For, after all, even if he suspected something, what could he do?"

"You mean that even if he wanted to kick his wife out of the house he'd know he couldn't afford to hire another cook-housekeeper-nursemaid? . . . Thank you, Don; I hadn't thought of that. I doubt if Jeff would think of it either; he's curiously old-fashioned in some respects. . . . But that isn't what's worrying me."

HER words tumbled over each other in stuttering fury: "For six months I've been the mistress of a man who wouldn't go back to see if a child had been hurt—who wouldn't take a wounded man to the hospital—"

"But, Janice, I couldn't let you—"

"You weren't thinking about me—not much, anyway. Don't talk to me!"

After that neither of them said another word till he let her out at the shaded corner, a hundred yards from her door. She felt a familiar relief as she saw that at any rate the house hadn't burned down while she was out. . . .

"What are you going to tell him, Janice?"

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Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

ances. . . . "Thank you, Nellie. Sorry I kept you up so late; I met some people in Great Neck after the show, and stopped to talk."

Five minutes later the maid was gone, and Janice was staring in the bathroom mirror at disheveled bronze hair, a white, haggard face, arms dark with dried blood— If Jeff had been at home she could never have explained all that. But now she had plenty of time to clean herself up. She bathed, went to bed—and lay tossing, her nerves in tatters. . . . That man they'd left bleeding by the roadside—she'd known his face. A waiter, perhaps, from some roadhouse where Don had taken her? Well, no use worrying about him now; she must get to sleep. . . . But suddenly she was out of bed, hurrying downstairs to the closet where she had left her coat. Yes, there was a sticky smudge on the cuff—

She cleaned it as well as she could and went back to bed, her heart pounding. She'd almost forgotten that stain; what else might she have forgotten that could betray her? It didn't seem possible or even right that she was going to be let off unpunished. She'd taken chances before—crazily reckless chances—and hadn't worried like this afterward; but then she was always looking forward to her next meeting with Don. It would be too sickening to be discovered now.

SHE heard a taxi stopping outside; Jeff's key in the lock; his feet on the stairs. She doubted if she could sham sleep successfully; so she sat up, turned on the light. His tired face lightened as he saw her.

"Hello! Thought you'd be asleep." He stooped and kissed her.

"I saw a rather gruesome movie; it gave me the jitters. . . . Too bad you missed your train, dear." (She had to say that, but she hated it.)

"I didn't mind." He began undressing. "Ran into Sam Tolman of Bayside at the station, and rode out with him. He's one of the counsel in the city graft investigation and he says they're really about to get to some of the higher-ups at last. They put a fellow named Buck Burke on the stand today—maybe you read about it in the evening paper. The organization gypped him somehow and he's ready to tell all he knows. He only got started today, but before he's through they'll have enough to send some big men to Sing Sing." He stopped beside her, stroked her hair. "You look tired, Jan. Poor kid, you work so hard—"

"I don't mind it." Her voice was unsteady. "You work hard, too."

"Thank God I've got a job to work at. I've got over being sore at the universe because I'll never be able to retire on stock profits. I must have been insufferable last winter, Jan—grouching around, taking the depression as a personal insult. But it made me ashamed of myself when you took hold without a whimper, doing work we never thought you'd have to do again. I married the best little sportsman on earth; and so long as we've got each other and the kids and enough to eat—" He turned off the light, lay down, slipped an arm around her. "You're shivering, Jan. Try to stop thinking about that movie and go to sleep."

But she couldn't sleep when his praise burned her like acid—when her thoughts kept going back to the picture of a man named Buck Burke in the evening paper . . . Buck Burke, whose blood had dried on her arms.

SHE was on the porch the next afternoon when the newsboy tossed the evening paper into the yard; and before she had finished reading it the telephone rang.

"Mrs. Blair? This is Don Sharpe." (Talking from his office, where people could hear him.) "I have a client who'd like to rent your house for the rest of the summer. May I come up and talk over his offer?"

"Our house isn't for rent." Her voice shook; she'd always been ashamed of these tricks and expedients. . . . But she had to see him, now. "But you might drop in," she said, "and tell me about it."

She settled down on the porch; the children were playing in the yard and she had no intention of receiving Don indoors. . . . Five minutes later his car stopped at the curb; he came up on the porch, pale and apprehensive.

"How about it?" he asked. "Did your story get over?"

"I didn't have to invent one; for once Jeff missed a train. But—you read the papers, Don? Buck Burke—the key witness in the graft investigation—dead when the policeman found him. Don, he must have died in my arms! . . . No, I'm not going to be hysterical." She sat down, lit a cigarette. "But we've got to decide what we ought to do."

"Do? There's nothing to do but keep our mouths shut, and be glad we didn't get mixed up in a story that's all over the front page. . . . Lord, what a narrow escape! The police think a woman was mixed up in it—that phone call that decoyed him out of town— And then when they found your heelprints around the car, and a bronze hairpin—"

"They can't identify that; all bronze hairpins look alike. Anyway, they've got the right man—this Horse Lombard that was picked up on suspicion at Huntington an hour afterward. The paper said he had the gambling concession at Sylvanus Magargel's club—and Magargel was one of the higher-ups they thought they'd get through Burke's evidence."

"How do you know Lombard is the right man? They're only holding him while they check up on his alibi."

"Don, he killed Burke. Burke told me so, as he was dying."

He stared at her as if she'd told him she had leprosy.

"I didn't hear him say it!" he exploded. "I didn't hear you say it either—and you start forgetting it right now! This may be the biggest scandal since the Becker case. We can't afford to mix up in it!"

"I certainly don't want to. But—the political situation's pretty rotten, and decent people ought to do anything they can—"

"Nobody'd call you decent after you'd had to explain where you were last night. You'd be the key witness then, and the lawyers and reporters would find out all about you. . . . No, you forget about it. They've got the right man without your help and you just forget it ever happened."

She only hoped she could. . . . He picked up his hat.

"I'd better be going, Janice. . . . When can I see you again?"

"Never—except just around town. Don, I can't go on with it."

"What? . . . Look here, I know a narrow escape like that must have been a shock to you—" She laughed.

"That wasn't the shock, Don. But when you wouldn't go back to see if a child had been hurt—" He fidgeted a while; then—

"Well, I did go back," he said sulkily, "when I saw you meant it. And it wasn't a child. And we couldn't have got Burke to a hospital—"

"As it turned out," she agreed. "But what sickened me was the way you reacted before we knew how it was going to turn out. I'd never seen you in a crisis before. . . . You look like somebody else now."

"But when everything was all right before— It's not reasonable!"

"EMOTIONS never are, I guess. It wasn't reasonable, when you and I had known each other for years, that we danced together at the club one night and felt all at once as if we'd just met. . . . But, anyway, I can't go on with it. When poor Jeff is working so hard, and about all he's got left is his absolute assurance that I'd never let him down—" He laughed.

"You didn't talk that way about Jeff last winter. But I guess every marriage has its ups and downs. Yours is up just now—and you've had what you wanted and got tired of it, so you're ready to quit and ease your conscience. . . ."

"Don, that's not true! I *was* in love with you—but that's gone now. Call me anything you like, but I can't go on with this." He had risen; he stood over her, menacing. "Don't make a scene on the front porch," she said scornfully. "When we've fooled everybody for six months it would be a pity to start the neighbors talking, now when it's all over. You'd better go, Don."

"And you won't say anything about last night?" he persisted.

"No. . . . After all, they've got the right man."

And now Jeff need never know. . . . She found herself singing as she moved about the kitchen getting dinner.

SATURDAY was dance night at the club and all Manorwood was there; Janice caught Don scowling at her furtively, when his wife wasn't looking. Presently, pausing a minute beside him between dances—

"You ought to ask me to dance," she whispered. "Jeff and Muriel would think it was queer if you didn't; we've always been such good dancing partners. . . . Besides, I want to talk to you."

"Jeff suspicious?" he asked uneasily. She shook her head in denial of this.

"No—but Horse Lombard has been released for lack of evidence."

"Don't you say that name here! . . . Save the next one for me."

They danced; and afterward went out on the porch to smoke a cigarette. Queer that she could be with him on the porch where he had first kissed her, and feel nothing; queer that an emotion which could make you act insane could turn itself off and on like electricity. . . .

"Don, I'm the only person who knows that man killed Buck Burke. . . . I'd thought of writing the police an anonymous letter—"

"They might trace it. It wouldn't be evidence anyway. They need proof, and you couldn't give it without going on the stand. . . . No, you lay off this—do you hear?"

"I could go on the stand without giving you away—or myself. I'd been to the movies; afterward a man I—I

(Continued on page 32)

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Night-Watchers

Talapus, the cougar, goes after big game, and there is drama in the forest

By Kenneth Gilbert

STEALTHILY through the moonlit gloom of the fir forest, each trim hoof placed with such neat precision upon the soft carpeting of rotted leaves and needles that no sound was heard, the black-tail buck neared the water-hole. Already he could hear the pleasant gurgling of the spring-fed stream, where it cascaded from a rock shelf and swirled in a deep pool, fringed with rankly growing devil club, vine maple and salmonberry cane.

But the very fact that he heard nothing else was ominous rather than reassuring. The black-tail was ripe in wisdom, and he realized that foes as well as friends came here to drink. Therefore he moved with caution, nostrils widened and twitching as he sampled the air for taint of danger. He was almost in the act of wetting his muzzle in the cool water when the thing happened.

There was a light, rasping sound as of claws on bark in the interlaced depths of a great cedar whose widespread limbs overhung the pool; then a shadow detached itself silently, and dropped straight for the buck. But ere it touched him he was under way.

Not for an instant had he wholly relaxed his vigilance. At the slight warning he had pivoted on four bunched feet and his first catapulting jump cleared a windfall tangle eight feet up and across, while his whistling snort of alarm was startlingly loud in the somber stillness of the forest chancels. He was gone like a wind-blown wisp of fog, the noise of his crashing flight diminishing in the distance.

Yet he did not go unscathed. The thing that added to his terror, winged his feet, was a hot, searing pain across and down his left shoulder as a sinewy forepaw, armed with claws curved like scimitars and as sharp-edged, raked him to the bone.

And then, beside the pool where the moonlight washed thinly down through motionless treetops, a ghostly shape stood statuesquely, and spat explosively in rage and disappointment in the direction the buck had gone. A gaunt shape, lean-flanked, with long, rounded tail which whipped back and forth in nervous tensity; ears flattened to skull, and topaz-jade eyes from which the moonlight struck opalescent flame. Talapus, the old cougar who had haunted the upper Ohanepecosh for more than twelve years, had missed his third "kill" since morning.

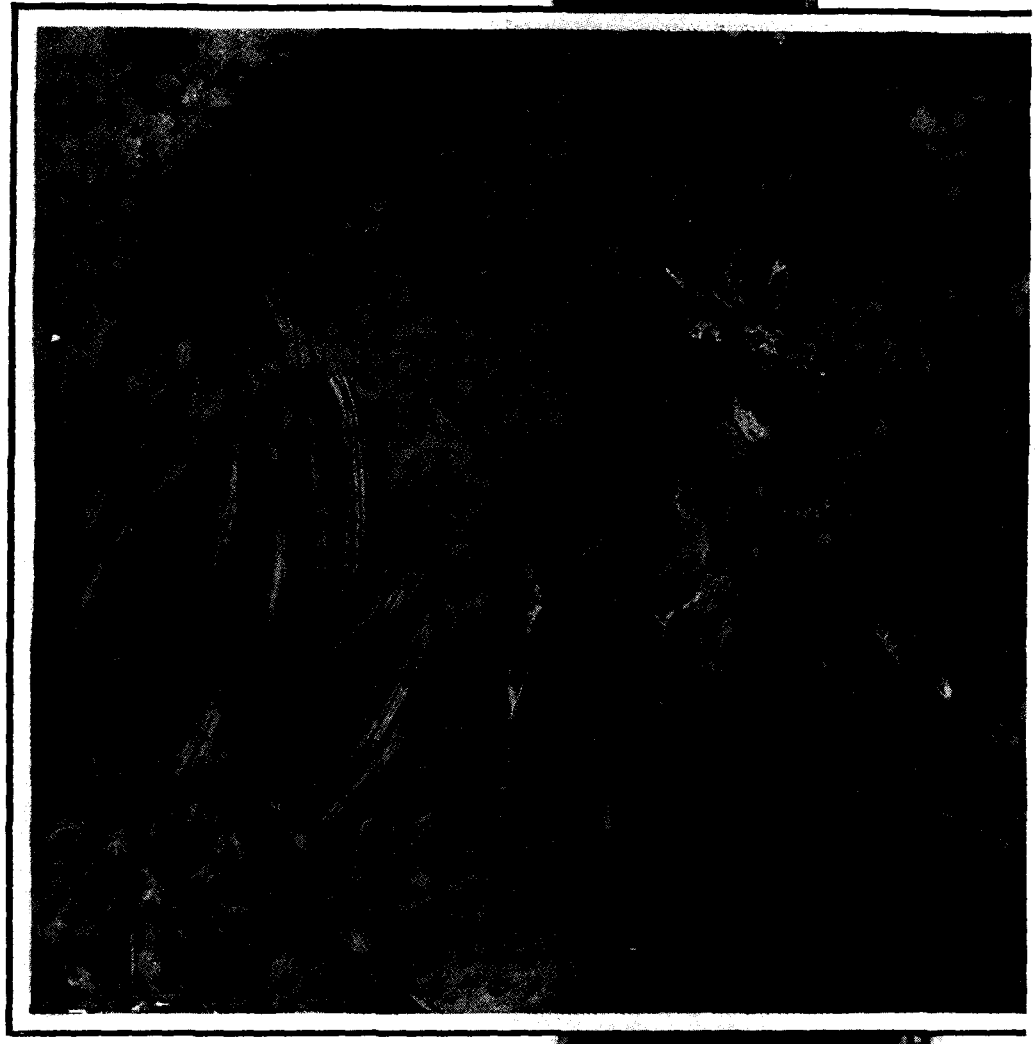
AGE had slowed his timing, sapped the resiliency of his muscles. His eyesight was faulty; near-by objects seemed dim, while beyond the edge of a hundred-foot circle they dissolved in mist. For a year past his worn teeth had bothered him, and sometimes the dull ache in them drove him nearly mad, so that he took a savage satisfaction in chewing at brittle-hard fir knots or dead limbs. Deer-hunting had become difficult; the wary, fleet-footed prey eluded him with almost ludicrous ease, so that he was compelled to stalk rabbits and grouse, weak meat for such a tremendous vitality as his. Desperate at last, he had turned to raiding sheep pens in the lowlands, and while this was successful, he knew that he could not keep it up for long, and he had gone back into the hills. Now, with the conviction driven home that he had slain his last deer, the immediate future was grimly forbidding.

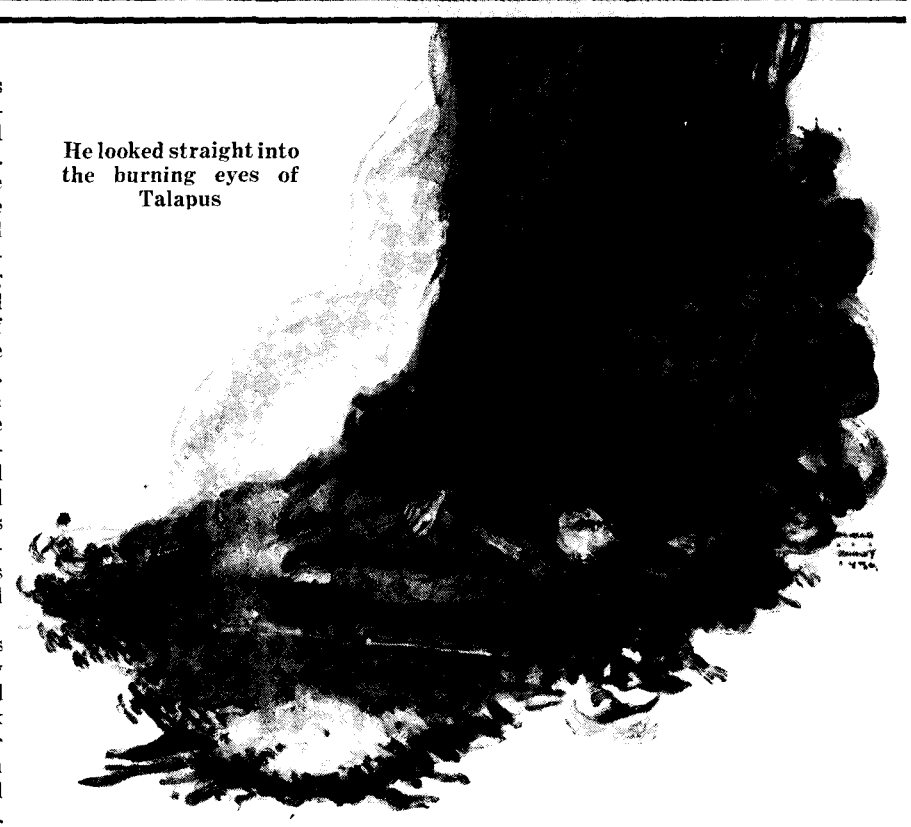
SOON, with his infirmities, he could not even kill rabbits. When that happened, there was but one recourse. Thus man-killers are made. The two-legged lord of creation, senses dulled, should not be difficult prey even for an almost helpless old cougar. Twice he had been on the verge of it—a little girl whom he followed almost to the doors of her father's homestead, only to be frightened away when the child saw him and screamed; again, he had come face to face with Bart Laidlaw's hired man while the latter was dawdling through the woods in search of a stray cow. The woods were cool, and hunting for the lost cow was more pleasant than sawing logs for fuel, but thereafter the hired man spent industrious hours at the woodpile and never left the clearing. Talapus took care of the strayed cow.

But Talapus—the Indians always spoke of him so upon seeing his big, round tracks in the damp mold beside some water-hole—was not quite ready for the final step; he lacked the necessary courage. Likewise, he was made uneasy by the fact that recently—since the time he had frightened the little girl and had killed the livestock—he had been followed. Time after time, in completing the hundred-mile circle which comprised his range, he came upon the scent of the same man; and it dawned on the cougar at last that he was being hunted.

This terrified him at first, made him more furtive and shy, but under the urge of stark hunger it awakened a desire for retaliation. Many times he had scrutinized the man from a covert, and always Talapus showed fear as well as hatred, with lips drawn back in a soundless snarl and fangs bared. But he was not ready to attack, although the mood was growing upon him.

Now, however, his attention was claimed by a rustling in a near-by thicket, and his yellowish eyes flamed at thought of food. Silently he sank down, muscles tensed for the leap, for instinct told him that he had not been seen and that the creature which had made the noise would appear directly.





He looked straight into the burning eyes of Talapus

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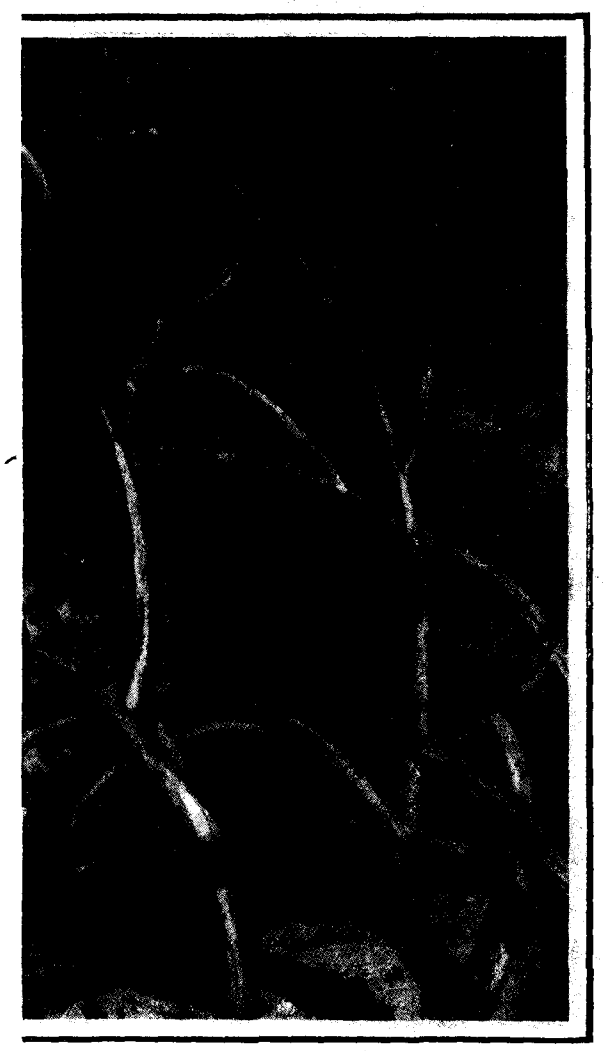
As he flattened himself and his tail ceased twitching, he caught sight of the rounded nose of some small animal thrust from the thicket, while a pair of beady eyes regarded him questioningly.

A rabbit, perhaps, or a mountain beaver; Talapus could not catch the scent. Either, however, would be acceptable food. But as he set himself for the spring, the stranger waddled forth in plain sight—and Talapus snarled in disgust and disappointment.

For there was vast assurance about this intended prey, and the cougar fully understood it. Frequently Talapus had come upon porcupines, and had ignored them as being too troublesome to be worth while. Moreover, in the past there had never been a real lack of better food, hence he never disturbed the queer, bur-like creatures. But he was ravenous now; and after that first moment of discouragement it seemed that an idea came to him. He arose effortlessly and padded forward.



The black-tail was ripe in wisdom, and he realized that foes as well as friends came here to drink

The porcupine instantly went into an attitude of defense. He put his nose between his paws, hunched his back until every quill stood stiffly erect, grumbled querulously—and waited for the enemy to come to the sensible conclusion that hedgehogs are best left alone. The lifted quills exposed the lighter fur beneath them, so that in the moonlight the porcupine seemed to have paled, but not so much in fear, perhaps, as in anger. For he continued to make odd, chirring sounds and pig-like grunts, plainly in displeasure.

But Talapus did not vanish, as it seemed that he should have done. Instead, he sat there on haunches a few paces distant and contemplated this possible meal with drooling lips.

At last the big cat stretched forth a paw gingerly, palm upward, curved claws unsheathed. The porcupine saw the great knife-set pad so close to his nose, chirred uneasily, and backed off, thumping the ground warningly with his meaty, quill-armed tail. Possibly the cougar merely wished to play, but the porcupine was in no such frame of mind; so he gave ground and indicated dignified disapproval.

AGAIN, however, the paw groped toward him, one long claw almost touching his nose. Startled, the porcupine scuttled backward. The situation had become disquieting. The porcupine decided to turn aside, but suddenly found the cougar had moved in front of him, and was sitting there in solemn contemplation, staring at him with hard, basilisk eyes. The porcupine backed hastily away.

And thereafter, with the cougar urging him on, the porcupine retreated inch by inch and foot by foot, until a beholder would have seen at last the purpose behind the big cat's strange behavior. The cougar was skillfully and carefully herding the porcupine toward the lip of a steep bank beside the pool. Once the porcupine backed over there and lost balance, the seemingly harmless game Talapus had been playing would have a tragically quick ending. For an instant the porcupine would be off guard, and that instant would be sufficient for the cougar to rip out the tender, unprotected belly of the smaller animal. Puzzled and vaguely alarmed without understanding the reason for it, the porcupine continued to go rearward until he reached the bank.

The cougar's eyes narrowed in anticipation, and he stretched forth his paw. If he could hook one of those terrible claws beneath the porcupine's underjaw, he could flip the prey on its back for the disemboweling stroke; and thereafter nothing but an empty skin of quills would be left for other predatory creatures to ponder over enviously as to how Talapus had solved the prickly problem in his own fashion.

As though sensing at last the deadly purpose behind the cougar's actions, the porcupine stopped. As he did so, the cougar raised his head suddenly, listening. To his ears had come faintly the sound of a twig broken underfoot, and then the faintest click of a boot against a stone.

THEN he vanished, with such bewildering abruptness that he seemed to have dissolved in thin air. Man-killer at heart he might be, yet he was not ready to risk everything against the most dangerous prey of all. And he recognized the footsteps as those of the man who had been trailing him.

But the porcupine, still worried, crouched there on the lip of the bank, fearing to move because the cougar might be up to some trick. Nor had he shifted his position when Jim Dorsett, a short-barreled carbine across the crook of his right arm, broke through the brush and paused there in the moonlit glade beside the pool. . . .

It was near midnight, and the ranger was still a good three miles from his cabin at the forks of the Ohanepecosh. He had been late in leaving the settlement, and because the moon was full and the sky cloudless, he had taken a shorter but rougher route for home, following a barely discernible game trail which led to the waterhole. The cool gurgling of the stream invited him, and he knelt and drank like one of the wild kindred. As he straightened up, his eyes fell upon the porcupine.

The latter, evidently, had at last come to the conclusion that the cougar was really gone, for he waddled forth confidently in the moonlight, muttering discontentedly at recollection of the troublesome cougar. As he caught the scent of the man, the porcupine stopped, his nose wrinkling.

Dorsett scowled at sight of the quill-pig. He hated porcupines; they had proved nuisances many times. Once a hungry porky had gnawed off the corner of Dorsett's cabin door while the ranger was away, and had gone straight to the box of bacon which had attracted him. The wooden covering offered no protection to the porky's chisel-like teeth. Moreover, other porcupines had been drawn by the pleasant, smoky, salty smell of the bacon, and when they had finished not alone had the meat vanished but most of the salt-impregnated box as well.

BUT Dorsett could have overlooked that, blaming himself for not hanging the bacon beyond the reach of such prowlers, if it had not been for his dog. Old Pete, the cross-bred hound who was Dorsett's companion as well as being extremely useful in hunting down predatory animals when the ranger was called upon for such work, seemed under a musty curse as regarded porcupines. He, too, hated them, and if there was one in the country he found it eventually, never seeming to learn that invariably he got the worst of such victories. Three times he had returned to the cabin, whining, his muzzle filled with quills, which Dorsett painstakingly extracted by means of pliers, while Pete howled in agonized protest. Other quills were broken off short beyond the reach of the pliers, and for days the hound moped about, sick, while the barbed shafts worked through his flesh and fell out.

At this moment, in fact, he was at home, crippled by a quill on which he had accidentally stepped and which was broken off in his foot. It would be weeks before the soreness would be gone from his foot sufficiently so that he could take the trail again. This was doubly irritating to Dorsett at this time, for he had been assigned the task of hunting down the big cougar whom the Indians called Talapus, and he needed the hound.

The appearance of the big cat about homesteads, and unmistakable evidences that the killer was preying upon livestock, had been reported, and because Jim Dorsett knew the upper Ohanepecosh as few men did, and had been a professional hunter before he entered the government service, he was given the job of ridding the national forest of the marauder. Although it was an almost impossible task without the aid of old Pete's efficient nose, Dorsett set at the duty energetically, because he realized that he was hunting a potential man-killer. Erelong Talapus would turn to human prey and, therefore, Dorsett worked hard in the belief that he might avert a tragedy.

Seeing the porcupine now, Dorsett lifted his gun. One less quill-pig for Pete to worry about. Even then, however, the man hesitated. A porcupine is one of the few creatures which a person lost in the forest can kill with a club; and Dorsett had heard of cases where men had lived thus for weeks, until rescued. A moment later he was still more undecided, for he saw that the porcupine was not alone.

From some burrow near by had appeared another porcupine. It was evident that the two were acquainted, for the newcomer went straight to the first one and touched noses, squeaking and grunting. Then from the brush whence the second porcupine had come there appeared a third, a young one. He was perhaps half the size of the others, and covered with soft, brown fur, his immature quills not yet apparent. He joined the others, and the three touched noses, making contented sounds. It was a happy family reunion, with no thought of danger to mar it. Suddenly, however, a puff of wind brought the man-scent to them.

THEY faced Dorsett promptly, and the two old porcupines lifted their quills warningly, and clashed their teeth. But the youngster had yet to learn that Man is to be avoided. Nose wrinkling and his buttony eyes bright with curiosity, the baby porcupine started toward Dorsett.

But as he did so the others grunted and squeaked warning. Then the second porcupine, evidently the mother, waddled forward, closely followed by her mate. They surrounded the youngster, and herded him away from the dangerous vicinity of the man. Still scolding, they moved off until they vanished in the cool depths of the dew-wet woods.

And Dorsett let them go. He still hated porcupines, remembering the grief they had caused him, but it would have seemed like murder to wipe out this little wilderness family. Nevertheless he felt a little foolish at this evidence of sentimentality, and he foresaw, as he went on toward his cabin, that there was more trouble in store for old Pete.

So the moonlit glade by the pool was empty once more, and it remained that way until just before the moon sank behind the trees, when a gray fox, silent as a drifting shadow, moved across it, nose to ground. The false dawn was whitening the eastern sky when the porcupine family came back, bound for home, still talking contentedly. In their dull, slow-witted way they may have been discussing the night's adventures with the cougar, the man. But even Jim Dorsett himself could not have understood the significance of the sentimental thing he had done, nor that he had made debtor the most inoffensive—yet fearfully defensive—creature in the woods. Not for another two weeks did he come that way again.

MEANWHILE his search for Talapus was fruitless; without the keen nose of the hound the task seemed impossible. Time after time Dorsett came upon evidences of the big cougar's presence—a track in damp clay, a few feathers where the killer had appeased an insatiable appetite with some small bird.

But never could Dorsett catch a glimpse of him. And old Pete, still crippled, might not be ready to take the trail for another month. Dorsett hunted alone, sometimes remaining away from home all night. Thus it was that he came to the pool again just as darkness was closing down.

It was in the dark of the moon, and Dorsett knew that it would be rough going through the pit-black woods. Moreover, he was tired, and three miles seemed an endless distance. He still had the remains of his lunch, some bread with slices of bacon between, a little coffee, and in his hunting coat he carried a collapsible aluminum coffeepot. A hot meal, and he would be ready for bed. True, he had no blankets, but

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the night was warm, and Dorsett was accustomed to sleeping on the ground. Soon he had a fire going, and the coffeepot was giving off pleasing odors.

An armful of young spruce boughs, which he cut with his pocket axe, was all the bed he needed and, after he had eaten, he piled wood on the fire, lay down on the boughs and was almost instantly asleep.

He slept dreamlessly, yet lightly, like a wild animal. The musical gurgling of the little waterfall at the pool had a hypnotic monotony which kept his slumber unbroken. And then, at last, he was suddenly wide awake.

True to his woods training, however, he did not start up as sleep drained from his brain, but lay there motionless, with eyes closed. The cold, he decided, was why he had awakened; and yet—

He had a feeling of uneasiness which was beyond explanation; a vague apprehension of danger, as though some little tocsin in his brain was clanging wild alarm. He recalled that his gun was in its place beside him; all that he needed to do was to reach out and grasp it, and yet something warned him against the move.

Instead, he parted his lids slowly—and looked straight into the burning eyes of old Talapus!

The big cougar was on a limb perhaps twenty feet above him. Dorsett knew that if he so much as stirred his hand, the cat would leap, while if he remained quiet, the killer might go away.

But it was an ordeal which the man doubted that he could pass safely. Long he had slept in this position, and his body felt numb where it had pressed the spruce boughs; he had an enormous desire to turn. And yet he dared not move.

Through half-lidded eyes he studied the great cat up on the limb. Talapus was rigid, every muscle set, and motionless except for the slow, undulating sweep of his rounded tail. But his eyes were unwinkingly fixed on the man as he waited for the moment when Dorsett must stir.

MINUTES passed; horrible, almost unendurable minutes, but the cougar did not relax his vigilance. Dorsett, however, began to feel that he was going mad. Prickling sensations in his arms and legs became acute as the numbness spread through his body. He knew that he could not last much longer, that his nerve must break under that malevolent glare. He debated risking all on a grab for the gun, the chance for a hasty shot; but he decided that before he could possess the weapon the cougar would be on him, two hundred pounds of unleashed fury, claws slashing and fangs seeking unerringly the deathhold. And yet he *must* move. The torture was too great.

Yet even as he reached this conclusion he saw that events were moving swiftly toward a climax. Talapus himself was growing impatient. *He was going to jump!* But even as Dorsett was almost driven into desperate action, there came an interruption.

There was a loose rattling of quills from near by, and into the circle of weak light from the nearly dead fire waddled a porcupine.

Unaware that it was an intruder upon a grim tableau of the most dramatic sort, the porcupine went shuffling along, quills rattling, its nose to the ground. Closer and closer to the man it came, grunting impatiently; and then, within eight inches of Dorsett's face, the creature stopped. He hunched his back, every quill standing on end, and lifted the spiny, meaty tail for the blow.

Paralyzed with horror, Dorsett gasped inwardly. One blow of that tail, and his face and eyes would be filled with the quills. That meant blindness, if not death itself—and Dorsett fought with the sudden impulse to roll over swiftly, regardless of the cougar, regardless of the porcupine; anything to escape that dread blow.

But the porcupine came abruptly to the conclusion that the man meant him no harm, for he lowered the formidable tail and lifted his head. This much Dorsett saw. And something else.

For a change had taken place in that grim watcher up there on the limb. The intrusion of the porcupine had snapped the thread of the spell. Nothing short of death itself would drive the cougar to leap on the man when the porcupine was so close. Talapus would wait until the troublesome quill-pig had moved on. His lips wrinkled in that characteristic soundless snarl, the giant cat lifted its head, relaxed for the moment.

And the quick eyes of Dorsett saw it; and his equally quick brain read it as the great opportunity vouchsafed him at last. Woodsman that he was, he realized that no cat would leap with its head lifted like that; and so, as the porcupine started again its shuffling quest, Dorsett lunged for the gun.

QUICK as he was, Talapus was equally quick. Like a flash, the tawny head flattened, the muscles tensed, and the lank body left the limb in an arrowy drop. But the practiced hands of Dorsett had swept the gun to him, muzzle pointed instinctively, and its bitter, clapping report sent the startled echoes chasing madly through the woods.

In mid-air the outstretched body of the cougar jack-knifed abruptly, and the leap fell short as Dorsett hurled himself aside. Then again and again the carbine blazed death at the writhing body of the cougar, which struck the ground in a grotesque sprawl; and the last shot took vengeance for the terror which Jim Dorsett had undergone, and which would dwell with him for years.

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

A shadow detached itself silently, dropped straight for the buck

Hurriedly he tossed more wood on the fire. He wanted warmth, and light to drive back the encroaching shadows, every one of which seemed in that instant like some creeping thing menacing him. This done, he took out paper and tobacco, and sought to roll a cigarette, but found his hands trembling so from nervous reaction that he kept spilling the stuff until he gave up in disgust.

As the fire blazed up once more, he was aware that the porcupine was still there. Hunched and ready for the attack which he expected, the porcupine waited. The sudden turmoil, the deafening reports of the gun, disturbed the night wanderer greatly. Doubtless he wished that he were safe in his burrow with his mate and the baby of which they were both so proud. Yet he dared not move.

Dorsett smiled in understanding. Moreover, he guessed why the porcupine had visited him. The man searched the ground where he had thrown some bacon rind, found it and tossed it before the porcupine.

For a full minute nothing happened; then the porcupine lifted its head, nostrils twitching. Caution was ingrained deeply in him, armed formidably though he was; nevertheless, the proximity of such delicious food was a temptation too great to be resisted. Very daintily he picked up the bacon, regarding the man with one beady, questioning eye.

Then slowly he started off for the brush, bound no doubt for his burrow, where he might eat the rind in relish, alone, or perhaps share it with his mate and the marvelous baby.

And Dorsett saw him go, and the man's feeling was one of benediction. The debt had been repaid with interest. The blunderer in quills had won reprieve for all others of his kind, so far as Dorsett was concerned. It was going to be rough on the hound, Pete—but Dorsett had only to close his eyes to relive that ordeal with the watcher on the limb.

AS THE porcupine vanished there came to Dorsett's ears the hollow, booming hunting cry of a horned owl; the voice of the wilderness itself, which seemed to speak of great trees, old before white men came, of a kindred in fur and feather which lived and went its ways and died under the shadow of fear—of famine, if nothing else. Nature's children, all; brood of a great mother who knew and loved them, and balanced one against the other so that the smallest was as significant as the mightiest. And Dorsett, no poet but a woodsman, seemed to interpret those solemn tones as approval.

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Here's the Catch

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Americans the country over don't eat enough fish, says Joe, who cooks the barons of the Fulton Fish Market their busman's luncheon. Yet it's an ideal food, obtainable the year 'round, cheap and easy to prepare. Take a few tips from this top-notch chef, and see how delicious fish can be

George Higgins

Joe Figerro, who does amazing things at the Fulton Market Luncheon Club

H. Armstrong Roberts

Edwin Levick

They're good and good for you, whether you catch them yourself, or let others net them for you off Cape Cod

WHO said proverbs contain the crystallized wisdom of the ages? Remember the one about the shoemaker's children? We're here to ram a hole straight through it. For the finest fish cookery to be had anywhere is just where that proverb says it isn't—at the Fulton Fish Market in New York. Which, come to think of it, only establishes the truth of another maxim—"It's the exception that proves the rule."

Unfortunately for most of us, the finest fish cook isn't to be visited at so much a head, plus cover charge. He's a private product, functioning at the club maintained for their own delectation by the fish barons at the country's greatest fish-distributing center, which serves one fifth the population of the United States. In order to make their treasure as hard to find as possible, they've hidden the club up a winding stairway that starts from a little door in a battered wall that has seen well on toward a hundred years' service, and skyrockets into the dark as though it led to a lighthouse. Up and up, round and round, surer and surer you can't be going anywhere worth while, till you get to the top of the building and enter an immense, light, airy room, brown-raftered above into a Gothic peak, pine-boarded below, windowed on two sides that look out over the East River, and faced down the third by one of the biggest, grandest, shiniest hotel ranges in captivity. In front of it stands Joe, fish chef extraordinary.

Joe comes from Italy, but he got his training in this country. When the fish barons wanted a chef, they cast their nets to cover the New York area. They tried out each likely candidate on a planked shad, an oyster stew and whatever else happened to be in season. The lot finally fell to our hero.

Joe says that the average home cook's mistake is to work too hard over her fish. The less you do to it, the better it comes out. Wash it on the outside when it arrives from the market, but not again after cutting. Handle it carefully and as little as possible. Don't smother it in a fancy sauce. Use a slow fire on oily fish like shad or salmon, a quick fire on white-meated varieties such as haddock or scallops. Don't cook either kind too long. The only fish the American housewife isn't apt to overdo is the lobster, and here she generally errs on the short side. While twenty-five or thirty minutes is all right for a single-pounder of this species, fifty is none too long for one double the weight.

A Few Fishy Facts

To choose a prime fish at the market, look at its gills, its eyes and its scales, and feel its flesh. Gills and eyes should be bright, scales shiny and firm, flesh solid and springy.

When it comes to cleaning, the market man takes on the job. But once in a while all of us get presents from non-commercial sources. Such were the lordly trout caught by a young bride's father-in-law, in private life a bank president who esteemed himself even higher with fish than with figures. What was his horror, on being invited to dinner, to see his little jewels with heads and tails off, slit down the middle and opened out flat. The poor bride should have made a tiny opening where head joins body, removed the contents, rinsed the result and served the trout looking as though they still could swim.

The next thing we asked our marine encyclopedia was what to do with oysters, and he said, "Nothing, eat them raw."

If your family doesn't agree, how about trying a Fulton Market Roast which can be accomplished equally well with clams? Put your shell fish in the broiler unopened, curved shell down. When almost done, they'll pop of themselves, and this is the time to lay a slice of bacon tenderly on top of each. Don't season, unless you want to add lemon juice at the table. When the bacon is crisped, the roast is done.

As for oyster stew, Joe does it two different ways, to suit individual idiosyncrasies among the club members. Method Number One is the way we've generally had it ourselves, but it isn't

(Continued on page 44)

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Save Smoot and Watson!

There's a story behind the tariff item in our last tax bill. Veteran senators needed it. They seemed to need it for reëlection. And they got it. The Senate rallied round and helped them out. But how could a tariff on oil, copper, lumber and coal help to reëlect Senators Smoot and Watson? How could that influence the voters? The answer is hidden somewhere in the complexities of our political machinery

By William G. Shepherd

THERE'LL be three hot spots on your radio dial election night.

One will be the spot that tells who's elected President. The others will be the spots that tell the world whether Jim Watson and Reed Smoot, United States senators, have been defeated for reëlection. You may *think* the two latter spots are secondary. But wise politicians, both Republican and Democratic, will pay equal attention to all three.

For if Smoot and Watson are whipped, then anything, as our politicians see it, can happen in politics these days. Old-fashioned standpattism will be knocked to smithereens. Standpatter ideas, such as tariffs so high that they drive American firms to establish factories in other countries, will be finished.

These two men, Smoot and Watson, are the senators who have always had to do the hard and unpopular things, the things that the great mass of voters didn't want done, but that privileged interests *did* want done.

For instance: If it takes $5,000,000 of campaign money (which it has taken) to elect a President, and if certain legislation is necessary to favor interests which will, in return, pony up a good portion of the $5,000,000, Smoot and Watson are the senators upon whom their party—which happens to be the Republican—may depend to pass the legislation. These two men have been the favor-givers in the United States Senate.

They were so tightly and neatly fixed with their home-state voters that they could safely do things which would finish the political lives of most other senators. But now, just to show what surprising things happen in politics, the politicians are asking:

"Can it be possible that Reed Smoot and James E. Watson are in trouble with their folks? Must they put up real, honest-to-goodness fights to be reelected?"

They must, gentle voters, they must, such being the political uncertainties of these times. Even the White House knows they must.

Raising the Tariff Ghost

A certain senator in Washington one day last spring called up "National 1414." That's the White House. He was greatly excited.

I cannot give his exact words but the spirit of them was:

"Say! You'd better call off these stand-pat Republican senators of yours up here on the Hill. They've started to put tariff items in this Big Tax Bill."

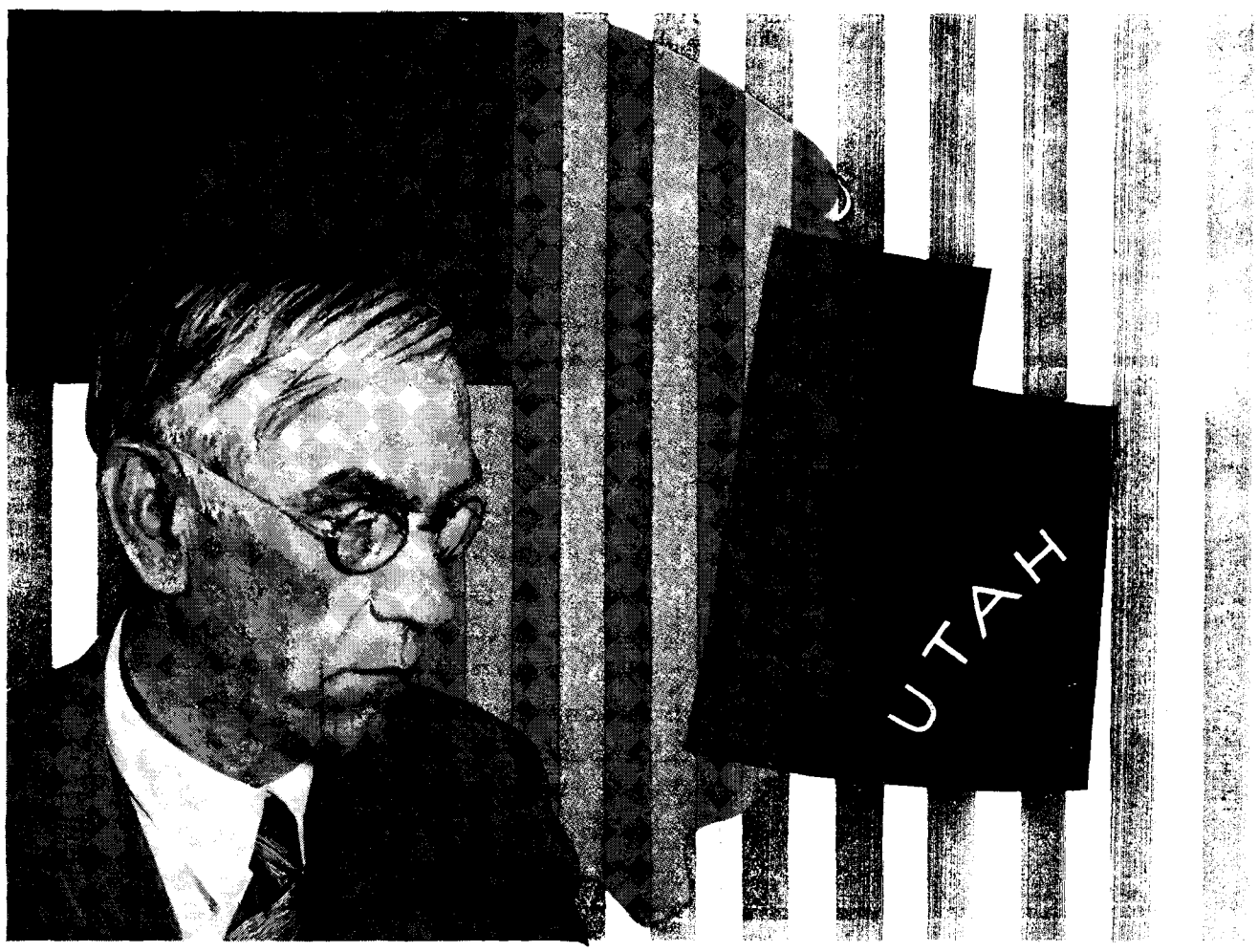
This was news to the White House and whoever was at that end of the wire said so.

People don't put *tariff* items in a *tax* bill! Might as well hide a prohibition law in a tariff bill. Or call downs in a baseball game; or strikes and balls in a golf match. What's more, hadn't the tariff been all settled in the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill that the Senate spent a hot summer on, two years before? Why would senators want to raise more tariff? They had said "Yes" to all possible demands two years before. They had said "No" to oil, copper, coal and lumber.

Their "no" had slapped in the face a whole trainload of oil men, not lobbyists but well-owners, who had come up from the West to plead for an oil tariff.

"And now," the angry senator told whoever was on the other end of the wire—"and now they're putting tariffs on oil, copper, lumber and coal."

"Whoever," they tell you in Washington, became as excited as the senator. The White House promised to "do something about it." The White House kept its word, quickly. Republican senators soon heard from "Whoever."



International Newsreel

Reed Smoot's chance for reëlection is a matter of national interest

Not many hours after this heated senator had hung up the receiver, Senator James E. Watson, leader of Republican senators on the floor, folded his arms behind him, high up the back, as is his wont, thrust out his huge chest preparatory to speech and, approaching the aforesaid senator, said to him, in effect:

"Say, mister! What are you trying to do over at the White House? Raise hell with us?"

That incident was the beginning of the plea that spread thereafter through the cloakroom of the Senate, echoed for many weeks and did not cease to "buzz" until after the four tariff items were safely fastened into the law.

"Stick to the tariff items. We must try to save Smoot and Watson."

This plea touched even the White House. It changed its mind, dropped its indignation, and merely by keeping silence joined in helping Smoot and Watson.

It went so far, in truth, as to sidetrack a note which it had written on the subject. Senator Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, told about the note on the Senate floor:

"Senators sent word," orated Tydings, in a Senate address, "to the White House that it was inadvisable to incorporate these tariff items in this revenue bill.

Giving the Boys a Hand

"The President even went so far as to write out a statement urging that the tariff items be taken out of the revenue bill. But did he send that statement? Oh, no! Before the statement could leave the White House the senators had heard of it and they went down and told the President that they wanted the items in the bill; it would ruin their chances for reëlection if these things were extracted.

" 'Well, then, I will do nothing about it!' said the President."

It was Senator Smoot himself who answered Tydings' story about the letter. The circumstances were dramatic. It was an evening session. The galleries were filled to overflowing; crowds waited outside the doors. The press of the country was listening, and there was scarcely a vacant place in the press seats over the clock. Smoot, seventy, gray and tired, arose, leaned back against the edge of his desk and declared, in tones too low to be heard by all the crowd:

"The President has never said a word to me about these items."

"No!" roared the young senator. "No!" The roarer was a boy of only thirteen years when Reed Smoot, member of the hated, feared and mysterious sect of Mormons, came to Washington to take a seat in the United States Senate. "No, but if he did say a word the senator would jump through the hoop in a minute, and he knows it."

Reed Smoot never felt a rougher slap than that in his five terms in the Senate. The galleries murmured or laughed or half-cheered. There was a deeper gray on Smoot's face as he started to speak again but the young senator again raised his resounding voice.

This happened once or twice. Tydings always drowned out the old man. Finally Smoot said, "Mr. President, I get only about halfway through a statement and the senator then speaks louder than I can and I am unable to finish. . . . There is no doubt the senator can be heard outside the chamber."

And that was the extent of Reed Smoot's rebuke.

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Now just why and how the four tariff items stuck into the Big Tax Bill could help to save Smoot and Watson and several other endangered veterans of the Senate who have been in Federal politics almost since the Washington Monument was dedicated is a mystery of politics. Are voters yelling for tariffs on these articles? Not that any of us have heard. Interests don't vote. How then can they help to keep Smoot and Watson in the Senate?

Life-and-Death Politics

But first let's consider how desperately these two old wheelhorses of the Senate actually do need help in the November election.

Watson's plea for help is a most sincere distress signal. Politics in Indiana is a sweep of wild, down-sucking waters, through which, somehow, Watson for many years has been able to make his way.

He has never successfully denied the charge that he once secretly belonged to the Klan, bearing a secret card. Men send each other to prison in that state in political fights; sometimes they even shoot. Politics in that state is dangerous to reputation, to personal liberty and sometimes even to life.

I talked a few years ago with a sunken Indiana politician in Atlanta Penitentiary; a broken, timid man, who spoke almost in whispers and as he talked glanced furtively at the warden, fearing to offend him and thus jeopardize his parole. His plight showed there might be downright horror in Indiana politics.

His name was Warren T. McCray. He had once been the resounding governor of the state. A money deal, in which, according to an Indiana jury, he had used the mails to defraud, had laid him low. Politics in Indiana not being a game but a battle with axes, he was out of politics for good. Later another governor was threatened with jail but pleaded the statute of limitations. But that action put him, also, out of the political game for good. Court action and jail cells are freely used as political weapons in Indiana.

It is in this sort of life-and-death atmosphere that Watson has held his own, and sometimes just barely his own. And things have been going harder for him, back home, during the past half-dozen years.

A million votes is a lot of votes, but Watson must deal with that many, for or against, in every senatorial election. A dozen years ago, he got a good edge out of the million and more votes; his margin over his opponent was 176,000. That was the Harding landslide.

So Watson Came Back

But it was different when he had to seek reëlection six years later. There was no presidential tail to hang on to that year; he had to run alone, on his own record. A young Democratic lawyer named Stump ran against him. But here, roundly, is how close Watson came to defeat: Stump, 511,000 votes; Watson, 522,000. Indiana folks were losing their ardor for him.

A margin of only eleven thousand votes out of a million is about one per cent!

And many politicians, though they didn't dare to blame Senator Watson, didn't like the way the vote was counted. Lake County was three days late in getting in its returns. Watson's opponent was ahead by a slight lead until then. Lake County returns gave Watson the plurality by which he was elected. He was the only Republican candidate whose election depended solely on Lake County. Such a storm of criticism arose, with talk of floating voters, together with court actions against bootleggers and others, that the Attorney-General of the United States sent Oscar Luhring, a special attorney from Washington, to that district, a hotbed of Chicago bootlegging, to straighten matters out. The ruction all died out in a local instead of a national storm.

Only 11,000 votes put Watson into the Senate in 1926, as compared with the 176,000 votes that had seated him six years previously. And yet, consider this: that scant eleven thousand votes gave him the chance to shoulder Republican leadership on the floor of the Senate and the power to tell other senators how to vote.

Yes, one of the hottest spots to watch on your election-night radio dial will be the one that gives the Indiana returns. If Watson loses, it will be a sign that the days of the old-time, McKinley era, standpat "regulars" are ended.

But that Senate cloakroom plea for help was not for Mr. Watson alone. It was also for Reed Smoot.

Smoot has had tremendous power in the Senate. He is the financial expert of that body. He is seventy years old and for twenty-nine years he has been a senator. In November he will be asking the people of Utah to send him back to Washington for his sixth term.

They don't vote by the million out in Utah as they do in Watson's state of Indiana. Watson must pull down at least half a million votes before he can even *begin* to collect a winning margin. But a total of only seventy-five thousand will do nicely for Reed Smoot. When he was last elected to the Senate in 1926, the total number of voters at the polls was about 142,000. Smoot got 88,000; Snow, his Democratic opponent, 54,000. Nevertheless Smoot's handful of a 34,000 majority of voters gave to the United States Senate and to taxpayers one of our strongest wielders of tax-fixing powers.

"Smoot is a spokesman, but Watson is a servant." This is how the two Republican leaders in the Senate have been described by a political critic.

Smoot, quiet, dignified, simple and humorless, belongs, by birth, to the ruling classes in the Mormon church. He believes there is such a thing as the "lower orders" and that they must be cared for. He is a business man, capitalist and banker in his own right. In a quiet, unromantic way, this man Smoot has become one of the most romantic figures in any lawmaking body in the world.

Utah was admitted as a state in 1896. Though there have never been much more than half a million Mormons alive at any one period, they have raised hob from generation to generation. And have, in turn, been the objects of hob raised by others. But they began to become plain folks about the beginning of this century.

They sent tall Reed Smoot, just beyond forty, to Washington as senator. Americans looked upon him, as upon his fellow Mormons, with actual horror.

What Smoot is Up Against

It was a tough spot for any man. He hadn't gone away to Harvard or any outside university for his education. He was schooled in Mormon institutions and had made a small fortune as a banker and as a woolen manufacturer. The Mormon elders considered him a young star. When he was only thirty-eight years old they made him an apostle. Two years later they picked him to go to the United States Senate. Up to this writing, he's been there ever since. He took his medicine like a good soldier. It was a smashing three-year fight the young man had to make. He was charged with having more than one wife. A Senate committee, by a vote of seven to five, voted to unseat him, though he was able to prove that he was a one-woman husband. The Senate, after a three-year fight, during which the tall young fellow kept his poise and made many good friends in the Senate cloakroom, refused to remove him. More than that, they voted to refund him, out of the United States treasury, money which he had spent during three years of fighting to defend himself. In the 1908 election he was sent back to the Senate. He has been going back to Washington ever since. Each term, by seniority rights, as well as by hard work and skill, he gained in senatorial power. He has always been the backbone of standpattism in the Senate. He has always been so sure of reëlection that he has dared to take the lead in all unpopular standpatter causes, such as higher taxes or higher or lower tariffs, without risking his political neck.

Back in 1914 Smoot had a close call. He got a margin of only three thousand votes out of a total of 109,000 cast; 56,000 to his opponent's 53,000.

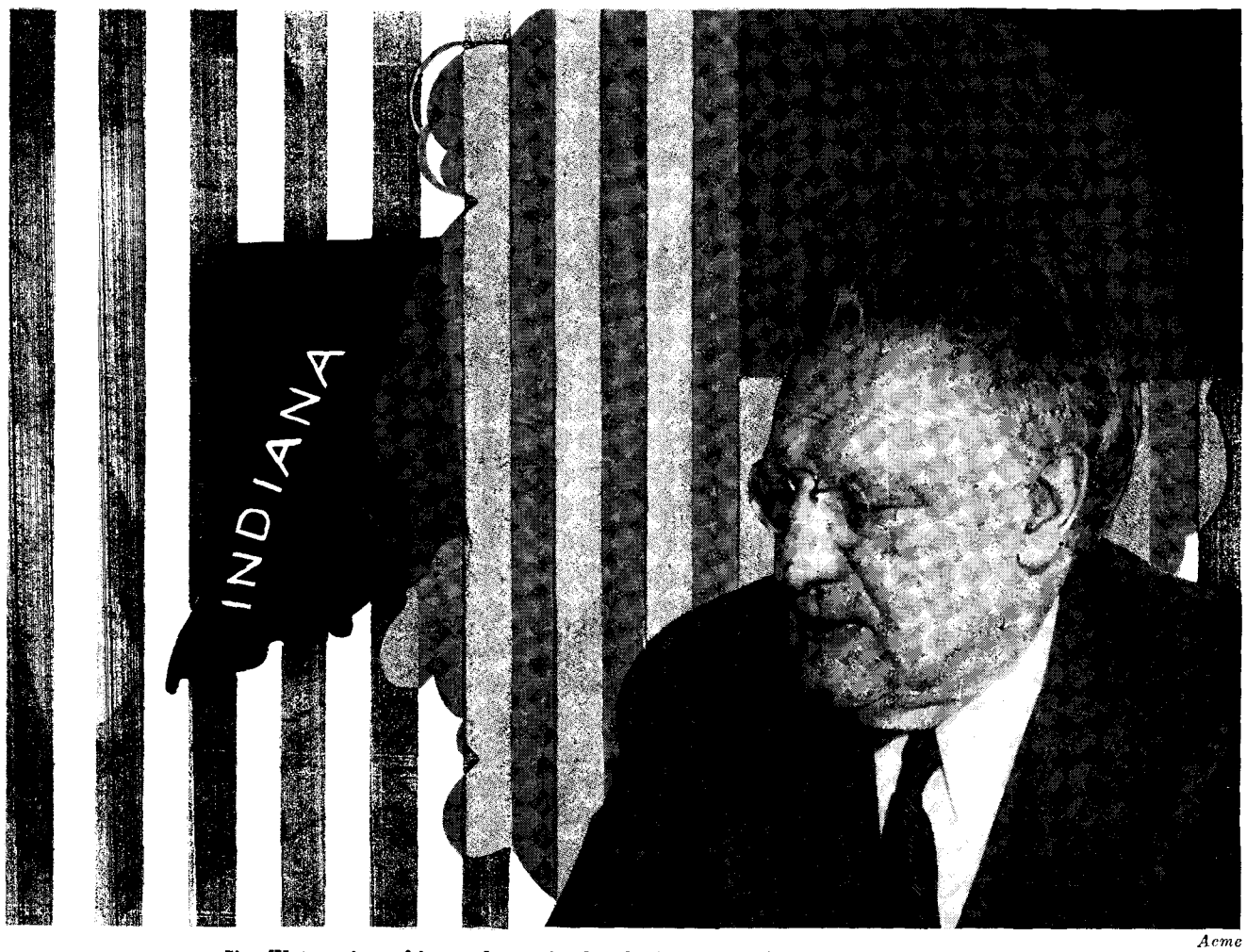
His average record, however, has been ten times better than that. But, on the night of November 8th, Utah folks will want to know *first*, from their radio sets, whether Smoot has won or lost. After that, they'll want to know who'll be the next President. His fight is the hardest he's ever had to make. It's three-pointed:

First: The young Americans in the Mormon church are no different from young Americans of other churches or creeds. The young people are inclined to rebel against church authority. There are liberals and even socialists among the young Mormons. Smoot will not be able to depend upon the youth vote of the church as in the good old days of church control.

Second: Utah, the silver state, wants to see more silver used as money and Utah's silver income has fallen tremendously with world prices. Scratch almost any Utahan these days and you find a sixteen-to-one'er, of the old William Jennings Bryan type. All congressmen and nearly all senators of the silver-producing states are more than willing to consider bimetallism. But Utah people say that Smoot is not a free-silver-coinage man; he's an old-fogy, McKinley, gold-standard man.

Third: The people of Salt Lake

(Continued on page 49)



Acme

Jim Watson is making a determined fight in America's hottest political spot

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Hello, Opportunity!

A romance of here and now. Show it to your favorite pessimist

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

LESLIE THOMAS KENT, Bachelor of Science in Business Administration, Harvard '31, Phi Beta Kappa, Football, Crew, Debate Team, Business Manager The Crimson, sat quietly in a corner of Joe Bland's office.

Joe Bland, *Magna Cum Laude*, School of Hard Knocks, was purchasing agent of the Frost-Air Refrigerator Company. A grim, fat man, who chewed cigars instead of smoking them, Mr. Bland was at the moment in conference with a salesman.

It behooved Leslie Thomas Kent to listen closely. The Frost-Air Refrigerator Company had hired him at a salary of thirty dollars a week—twenty-seven since the cut—as Mr. Bland's assistant. Since Mr. Bland's favorite comment was, "If I want a thing done right I do it myself," young Mr. Kent had not determined exactly why he had been engaged. But of late he had felt a growing and saddening suspicion that it was because his uncle, old man Louis Kent, was chairman of the company's board of directors.

Nevertheless, young Mr. Kent listened:

"They're good motors, aren't they?"

"What's that got to do with it? We ain't in the market for motors."

"Not in the market? Why—why, we understood you people were going into the room-cooling field?"

Joe Bland laughed hollowly.

"*This* year?"

"AW, NOW, Mr. Bland, that isn't the way to look at it. Your company's been making money. I know Mr. Dunphy in the research department, and he told me confidentially that you've developed a room-cooler unit that's a whiz. Fact is, he gave me the dope on the power it needs, and these motors are like they're made to order. And think of the price, man! Where can you buy a motor like this at eleven and a quarter? Schwartzenkeiter is taking a flat loss of thirty-two per cent—"

"Not from us, he ain't. Dunphy didn't have any authority to go shooting off his mouth. The room-cooler proposition was all thrashed out at the last directors' meeting. We've still got a little sense over here, young feller. We don't go into pioneering under *these* conditions."

"But you're in much better shape to do it than any of your competitors. You could get the jump on the entire industry. And when things pick up—"

"Ha, ha, ha. Pick up! Nope. Sorry. You're wasting your time."

"But, Mr. Bland—"

"Now, you're wasting mine. Run along."

The salesman's harassed eyes appealed to Les Kent, as youth to youth.

"Well, I just can't understand it," he sputtered. "You people get a chance to buy five thousand motors at thirty-two per cent under the cost of production and you—well, I just can't understand it. That's all."

Joe Bland gloomily shoved a fresh cigar into his face.

"Come back five years from now, kid," he said. "Maybe by that time things'll look a little better."

He rang for his secretary. The salesman shuffled out. Les Kent sighed.

He didn't sigh over the salesman. He sighed because Miss Linda Johnston was coming through the doorway. Miss Johnston had such a nice way of coming through a doorway. Les had begun to wonder if she just didn't float a few inches above the carpet.

"Miss Johnston! What's all these mean?"

"They're the usual requisitions, Mr. Bland."

"H'mph! Lookit here—fifty reams of carbon paper. What are those gals doing . . . shining their shoes with it? And lookit this soap order. Hully gee, they can't get away with ten gallons in a year. That office bunch must think we're back in the good old days."

"Mr. Treadwell approved the orders."

Joe Bland snorted.

"Oh, he did? I'll have a talk with Mr. Treadwell. I'm cutting these office supply reqs in half, and if he don't like it tell him to see me. Fifty reams of carbon paper! And here's another thing—they been using follow-up sheets in triplicate. A double sheet is plenty—the third goes on the spike in B. K.'s office. Sheer waste. I get orders to economize and this is how Treadwell and his prima donnas coöperate. Here . . . you send a memo to B. K. about them triplicate sheets. . . . I got to see the Chief. That dumb bunny McLore at the factory is hollering for eight new trucks. Yeah. Eight!"

At the door, Mr. Bland remembered that he was supposed to have an assistant.

"Oh . . . uh . . . Les . . . if that guy from United Enamel comes in, stall him off. I'll be back in twenty minutes."

Righteously reflecting on economies which might save the Frost-Air Refrigerator Company about nineteen dollars, Mr. Bland waddled out.

The boy and the girl looked at each other.

"Nice, pleasant humor today," she said.

He nodded, much troubled.

"Has he always been like this?"

MISS JOHNSTON looked out a window for a moment. Her eyes were worried. They always had something of that expression when she saw Leslie Thomas Kent sitting at his small desk in the corner.

"No," she answered, slowly. "It's like a disease. It's infected the whole plant. Mr. Bland used to be jolly and easy-going. But this . . . this thing . . . has turned him into a petty, bitter cheapskate." Her color deepened. "Carbon paper! Soap! The idea!" Then she burst out: "One of these days they'll close down the factory for fear they're burning too many lights."

Les Kent eyed her gravely. He liked the confident lift of her chin, the way she carried her shoulders as if filling her lungs with air from a distant sea, the toss of her head. She was young. She had courage. She wasn't even afraid of losing her job. He liked the sensible brown color of her hair, her steady, wide-apart blue eyes. There was something about her youthful fearlessness, her contempt of Joe Bland's picayune economies, that challenged him.

"They're all wrong," he blurted impulsively. "They're acting like spoiled children. This company is making money. It isn't the bonanza it used to be but it's a long way from actually needing to close-haul."

"Girls in business have a habit of doing that . . . watching men to see how they get along"

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

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Miss Johnston turned to him with some surprise.

"Oh . . ." she said, "I—I thought it had got you, too!"

For the first time, in the months they had known each other, he felt that he had aroused more than impersonal interest. Excited, he plunged on:

"The management is making an ass of itself on this room-cooler proposition. Bland just turned down a give-away offer for power units. Home and office refrigeration is one of the likeliest gold mines I've come across. The company has a perfect set-up to go after it, too. I went to school with Hubie Dowden—he works under Dunphy in Research—and he says they've worked out a system that is years in advance of anything on the market. But they're afraid to take hold of it. Just yellow!"

The girl smiled oddly.

"Why don't you tell them so?"

"Tell them?" his young laughter had a note of bitterness. "Fat chance I'd have. I'm not sixty years old."

"You could tell your uncle."

"He'd just smile tolerantly."

"I'd tell him anyway."

He looked at her, grinning.

"Yes, I believe you would," he agreed.

His hopelessness angered her.

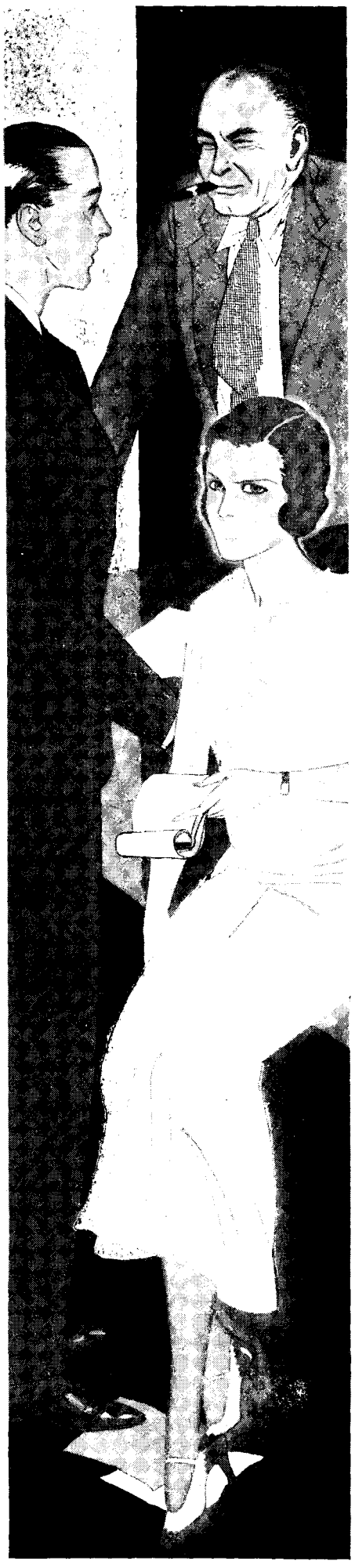
"YOU young men in the company are all alike," she said. "You let men like Mr. Bland and B. K. buffalo you. They've had their chance and they've managed to make a darn' sad mess of it. Now they're sulking and glooming and doing nothing. And you're agreeing to it. You're willing to plod along in the rut they've made. You make me sick! If I was a man, I'd— But there. I'm not."

"I'm glad you're a girl," he said, smiling a bit sheepishly under her scorn. "I wouldn't like it at all if you were a man."

"No?"

It sounded a little like a gasp. Blushing, Miss Johnston suddenly remembered she was private secretary to the purchasing agent of the Frost-Air Refrigerator Company. She became very busy.

Kent was too much disturbed by what she had said to press his advantage just then. He went mechanically at his routine tasks. But the truth of Linda Johnston's comments was a galling burden on his mind.



"Well, you're lucky. I ought to fire you, at that"

He ate luncheon that day at a cafeteria across the street from the office. Hubie Dowden and George Miller, one of the salesmen, and Ralph Schierman, from the accounting department, shared his table.

Hubie opened the session with:

"Golly, the Chief was in rotten humor this morning. He can't get over their turning him down on his room-cooler."

Miller scowled.

"They don't know a good proposition when they see it. That outfit of Dunphy's would sell. I wrote B. K. a report and told him so . . . and got the hollow ha-ha for my trouble."

Schierman shrugged.

"I thought this was a live-wire company. I'm hunting for another job. There's nothing here for a young man."

Listening as the three of them put Frost-Air executives on the pan, Les Kent sympathized heartily. He knew what made their voices so bitter. They were young and able and ambitious. They had entered the business world with high hopes. The talk of hard times hadn't daunted them. They had expected a battle. Like himself, they had left college overestimating rather than minimizing the struggle ahead. All this talk of the swell-headed college graduate who expected to stand the world on its ear in six months belonged in comic magazines. No. You knew it was going to be plenty tough. But what you didn't know was that the generation ahead of you, in posts of command, seemed to have no fight left. They wouldn't fight themselves and they wouldn't let you fight. It was this fear . . . this horrible despair . . . this cowering dread . . . this retreat to cover . . . this abject surrender. . . .

George Miller's voice broke in on Kent's abstraction:

"The electric refrigeration game is good and is going to be good for a long time. But it's old stuff. There isn't any kick in it. I'd like to see the company get behind that outfit of Dunphy's and open up a new market. There's plenty of dough left in this country. They'll turn it loose, too, if you give 'em something they want at the right price."

Hubie nodded, exasperatedly.

"The chief's outfit would go plenty fast. With quantity production we could deliver it for two hundred bucks a unit. Think of that. A thousand bucks for a ten-room installation, figuring to double up on power and halve the cost. I tell you . . . it's a crime!"

Kent returned to the office in a very rebellious mood.

Joe Bland had news.

"I'm going to Pittsburgh tonight to see about that sheet-steel contract," he announced. "I'll leave some signed blanks with Miss Johnston. There ain't anything apt to come up, but if it does you can phone me at the Pittsburgh office and get an okay."

The boy nodded, trying not to look too grim. What a spot! Bland didn't even trust him to sign a ten-dollar order for stamps. He must call Pittsburgh and get an okay.

Miss Linda Johnston's attitude didn't help any. She came in an hour or so after Bland had departed for the day.

"Schwartzenkeiter's salesman is on the phone. He says they'll knock off twenty-five hundred on those motors."

Kent reddened.

"Tell him Mr. Bland's decision is final . . . no . . . wait . . . I . . . uh . . . I'm going to have a talk with my uncle this evening. Tell him to call in the morning."

Miss Johnston smiled, charmingly.

"That's snapping out of it!" she said.

LOUIS KENT, chairman of the board of the Frost-Air Refrigerator Company, sat in the living-room of his apartment, eying his nephew with amused tolerance. Mr. Kent had sold his country place and leased his town house for economy's sake. He had formerly smoked cigars that cost him eighty-five cents apiece. He was just now smoking a three-for-fifty cigar.

"My boy," he said, equably, "these are no times for expansion. The company's reserve has been badly depleted. These are the days for caution. We must buckle down and saw wood. . . ." In the panic of 1907 Mr. Kent had laid the foundation of his fortune by purchasing factory sites at ridiculously low figures. . . . "It was wild speculation, you know, that brought us to this state of affairs. Too much plunging. Too many long shots." . . . In the hard times of 1913 Mr. Kent had bought refrigerator company stocks on a ten-point margin. . . . "No doubt there is merit in Dunphy's system. Our directors and Mr. Kevin looked into it carefully. Their unanimous opinion was that perhaps in a few years, when things pick up, we can take the risk. . . ." In 1920 Mr. Kent had astounded his associates by advocating immediate entry into the mechanical refrigerator field. . . . "But not now, Leslie. Not now. Young blood is too impatient, too reckless. And these are parlous times. Extremely parlous times."

The boy shook his head doggedly.

"I don't see how times could be any better for this move, Uncle. Material prices are absurdly low. That Schwartzenkeiter offer is virtually a gift. They're trying to stave off a receivership. You have the patents and the plant and the distribution. If you wait, others will crowd into the field and—"

"Our competitors aren't even considering it, son. They're in worse shape than we are. No . . . there'll be plenty of time. When conditions improve—"

"How are conditions going to improve if everyone mopes around waiting for the other fellow to start it? What's got into everyone? What are they afraid of? What are *you* afraid of? You came through other tough times. You fought. Why don't you—"

"Now, now, my boy. Let's not get hysterical and rush around half-cocked. This situation calls for sound, conservative thinking. It calls, I repeat, for caution, for economy. Perhaps in a year or two . . ."

LES KENT'S footsteps were like an old man's as he entered the office next morning. He dreaded to face Miss Johnston.

"Well? No luck, eh?"

He sat down at his little desk in the corner.

"No. I'm sorry," he said.

"What did he say?"

"Oh, the usual conservatisms. He—he's old. He seems to have lost his grip. He looks like a man in a siege who wants to surrender. I—I was sort of ashamed of him."

After a pause she said:

"I'm sort of ashamed of you. Queer, isn't it?"

He looked up, startled.

"Yes," he said. "I didn't know you ever bothered about me at all."

She examined neatly manicured finger tips.

"It . . . it is odd," she said, "but I've watched you ever since you came here. Girls in business have a habit of doing that . . . watching men to see how they get along. It's a sort of vicarious adventure, you know. There isn't a great deal ahead of most girls in business. They know they haven't much chance . . . and I guess they try to transfer their ambitions to . . . well, some man. It was fearfully cheeky of me to pick on you. I'm sorry. I'll stop it."

Her face was miserable with embarrassment. She would have fled, but he jumped up and stopped her.

"I'm glad you picked on me," he said. "I'm glad I mattered a little to you. I—I like you a lot."

"Thanks," she said. "I'd better be getting out there or those salesmen will be swamping you."

"Wait a minute . . . there's something I want to know. What would you do if you were in my place here?"

She lifted her chin with decision.

"I'd order those motors," she said.

He stared at her.

"I couldn't do that. I'm only—"

"Mr. Bland left half a dozen order blanks with his signature. All you'd have to do would be to hand one to the Schwartzenkeiter salesman."

"He'd cancel the order as soon as he got back."

"Maybe."

"He'd fire me."

(Continued on page 45)

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Henry Luhrs

Write Your Own

Take the elements of drama provided by this summary of a great work and write your own Short Short Story.

Tell the story as it might happen to anyone anywhere at any time that seems best to you. Tell it in slang or write a parody or add a new ending—it's to be your own story.

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1,500 words is the limit and your manuscript, written, or preferably typed, on one side of the paper, must reach the editorial offices of Collier's Weekly not later than October 3, 1932.

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Collier's cannot undertake to return any manuscript, unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Nor will we have space enough to print every story given an award. The judgment of the Editors will be rendered promptly and announced in Collier's Weekly.

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IN THE city of Vienna once reigned a duke of such gentle temper that he suffered his subjects to transgress all laws with impunity; and one in particular, which doomed to death the man who should live with a woman not his wife. This duke, perceiving that the holy institution of marriage was, because of his leniency, falling into neglect, summoned to him a man of high station, unblemished repute and notable severity, Lord Angelo. And him he appointed to be his lord deputy, to sit in his seat and to administer the laws, charging him to attend with special zeal to the observance of the law respecting illicit companionships.

Having charged Lord Angelo, the duke left his palace and for a space was seen no more in Vienna. But he had not gone far when he returned to his city secretly, disguised as a holy friar, purposing to observe the conduct of affairs under Angelo's administration.

He had no sooner returned than he learned that Claudio, a gallant and popular young nobleman, had been seized by Angelo, cast into prison, and sentenced to death. Claudio's crime was the seduction of Juliet, a damsel of high rank. For two days, then, the duke diligently inquired into the plight of Claudio and concluded that the sentence passed upon the youth was just. Therefore, upon the eve of the young man's doom, the duke, still disguised as a man of God, visited the unhappy prisoner, hoping to learn from the culprit's lips some extenuating fact.

Meanwhile, Claudio's friends had exhausted their influence in his favor. Lord Angelo considered their petitions but was not moved.

Despairing then, the friends of the condemned youth sent for Isabel, his sister. She hurried from the convent where she had lately entered her novitiate, and threw herself at the feet of the stern lord deputy. She entreated him earnestly to spare Claudio.

But Angelo said only, "Your words are vain."

Yet she would not be put off so soon and pleaded further, saying, at length: "Go to your own bosom, my lord; do you find no trace of fault there? Can it be that there is not one seed of guilt in your heart? And if there is, oh look with pity on my wretched brother!"

And these words moved Angelo as nothing else had done, for they made him look inward, and revealed to him his own condition, and he perceived suddenly that he had fallen under the spell of Isabel's sweet beauty and that he was, even now, in the thrall of a passion such as Claudio's had been.

HE STROVE to put it from him, but he could not. And, shaken by the beauty and the goodness of Isabel, he promised Claudio a reprieve of one day, and bade the lovely girl return to see him on the morrow. Isabel left him, much comforted. What, therefore, was her astonishment when, next day, the lord deputy received her in private audience and said: "Isabel, I love you. Yield to me, as Juliet yielded to your brother, and I will pardon Claudio and set him free."

Hearing this infamy, Isabel doubted her ears. But Angelo persisted, saying: "I mean what I say, no less."

"In that case," said Isabel, "you will instantly sign a release for my brother or I will proclaim your villainy from every housetop in Vienna."

But Angelo said: "None will believe you, Isabel. Yield to my will or your brother shall die. Answer me tomorrow."

Isabel left the presence of Angelo despairing, and hurried to consult with Claudio in his prison. She found him in the company of a holy friar, who had come to comfort him. The friar presently withdrew and the brother and sister talked together privately, as they supposed. But while they talked, the friar stood concealed outside the cell and listened.

"Now, sister," said Claudio, "is there no comfort for me; is there no remedy?"

"There is," said Isabel sorrowfully, "but such a remedy as, if you consented to it, would strip you of honor and leave you naked."

"Tell me what it is," said Claudio.

"I am afraid to, Claudio," said Isabel. "I tremble for fear you should choose to live."

"Why do you doubt me?" retorted Claudio. "If I must die I will go to death as to a bride, and hug it in my arms."

"Alas, there is no help for you. Yet, would you think it, Claudio, this sainted deputy, if I would submit to him, would grant your life? O, if it were no more than my life, I would lay it down for your deliverance as though it were a pin!"

She had no sooner made this revelation to Claudio than his courage faltered. "Death is a fearful thing!" he muttered. "And a life of shame is hateful," his sister answered. But Claudio weakened, and at last cried, "Sweet sister, let me live!"

Grieved and shocked, Isabel murmured, "I thought, my brother, that you would have sacrificed twenty heads to save your sister from such dishonor."

"Nay, hear me, Isabel!" groaned Claudio. And he would have pursued his plea, but was interrupted by the friar, who entered and by eloquent and adroit persuasion put an end to Claudio's shameful solicitations and composed his mind to face death bravely. Then, taking leave, the friar went out with Isabel, and bade her be of good cheer. It had come to his ears, he said, that the duke would shortly return to Vienna. He instructed Isabel to present herself promptly to him and denounce Angelo.

Claudio weakened, and at last cried, "Sweet sister, let me live"

Early the next day the duke entered his city. No sooner had he appeared than Isabel begged audience and was immediately received. While Angelo looked on she told her story. The duke affected to disbelieve her account, while Angelo, unruffled, suggested that concern for her brother had disordered her mind.

Isabel then asked them to send for a certain holy friar, whom she called Lodowick, saying that he would testify to the veracity of her accusations. At this the duke retired, charging Angelo to take the friar's testimony. And presently the friar was led in. Being questioned, he said, "Where is the duke? It is he who should hear me speak." The duke being absent, however, he lifted his voice in a torrent of protest, upholding Isabel, denouncing the duke for intrusting her case to the judgment of the very man she had accused, condemning vehemently the general corruption he had observed in Vienna.

While statesmen and courtiers listened in astonishment, he closed his harangue and immediately, to the utter amazement and consternation of the whole assemblage, threw off his disguise and emerged as the duke himself.

ANGELO, perceiving that his cause was lost, confessed the truth of Isabel's story and pronounced his own doom, saying: "Good prince, no longer prolong my shame. Immediate sentence and death are all the grace I beg!"

"Angelo," said the duke, "thy faults are manifest. We do condemn thee."

But Isabel, who knew how to plead for mercy, knew, as well, how to render it. Kneeling at the duke's feet she said: "Most bounteous sir, look, if it please you, on this guilty man. I think he was virtuous enough till he saw me. This being so, forgive him!"

Such a plea from such a source could scarcely be denied. The duke instantly granted it. He then turned fondly to Isabel and said, "Give me your hand, Isabel; for your lovely sake, I pardon Claudio. Say you will be mine, and he shall be my brother too."

Isabel's heart was stirred. And with a tender smile she plighted her troth.

Angelo went into retirement with a wife he had long neglected. Claudio joyfully consented to marry Juliet, the damsel he had wronged. And the excellent example of Isabel, who soon became the Duchess of Vienna, worked such a reformation among the young people of the city that none fell again into transgression.

Thereafter the duke reigned with the sweet and constant Isabel, not only the happiest of husbands, but the most fortunate and beloved of princes.

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They couldn't be Friends

The story of a wise young woman who knew what she wanted and how to get him

By Lucian Cary

MILLY BROWNE sat on the end of the dock in a bathing suit with her hands clasped around her knees and watched Hank Adams and Florence Fleming fifty yards away in the crowd on the swimming float and wondered why having your heart broken made you so mad.

She had always supposed that when your heart was finally broken you were sad—terribly, terribly sad. You had to go somewhere and wish you were dead and cry. Now, meeting the experience, she knew that it would be good to cry. But it would be far, far better to crown young Mr. Adams with an oar.

Milly heard people coming down the pier behind her. She looked over her shoulder and saw Ethel Rexford and her husband. Milly stood up. She didn't care to be caught thinking.

The people who go to Long Lake from Chicago think it is a pleasant place to spend the summer. It offers the usual facilities for flirtation or falling in love, such as swimming and dancing. But there is no such thing as escaping observation; gossip has the speed of light; and anybody who catches you thinking can guess what you are thinking about.

Bob Rexford looked Milly up and down as if he were seeing her in a bathing suit for the first time. Milly was nineteen and blond and tanned and tall. She was so tanned after a summer in the sun that you knew she was blond only by her blond curls and her blue eyes. She was so tall that she could look slender and still be delicately and subtly modeled in long, superb curves. She was so tall that her legs were almost as long as a fashion-illustrator would draw them in his otherwise futile attempt to make them as beautiful as they were.

Bob Rexford looked at Milly and shook his head slowly and admiringly. "Six feet of solid loveliness," he said. Milly smiled politely as if she thought what Bob Rexford said was funny. Bob dived and swam toward the float. Milly poised herself to dive. But she was a second late.

"Oh, Milly," Ethel Rexford said. "Do sit down and have a cigarette with me." Milly knew what that meant. Ethel had made up her mind to say something. Three older women and two girls of her own age had previously made up their minds to say something and had said it. Milly had found it hard to take. It was bad enough to be thrown down by the only man you had ever loved. It was maddening to be commiserated by all the women at Long Lake. But you couldn't avoid anybody at Long Lake for more than two hours. Milly decided she might as well have it over with. She sat down beside Ethel.

"I should think," Ethel said, "that you'd be so fed up with wise-cracks about your height!"

Milly was fed up with comments on her height. Worse still, she was fed up with being so tall. It was her bitter fate never to be called little darling or little angel or little devil or any other of the littles by which men express the ultimate degree of love. No man had ever called her little except as a joke.

"But I am tall, you know," Milly said in her coolest, throatiest voice, which was very cool and throaty indeed, and gave the impression of polite but complete boredom.

"You aren't six feet," Ethel said, "even in high heels."

"I'm too tall to be pathetic," Milly said. "I mean, I don't believe I'd do it well, do you?"

Milly saw out of the corner of her eye as she danced with other men that Hank was watching her every minute

ETHEL was plainly startled that Milly should of her own accord introduce the subject of Hank Adams. "You're too gorgeously handsome to be pathetic," Ethel said warmly. "No matter what happens. But just the same—" Ethel paused, evidently feeling that she was on delicate ground.

"Just the same," Milly said, "you think I ought to do something."

"I do," Ethel said. "I'd do something fast enough if I were in your place."

Milly was annoyed that Ethel should think she knew what Milly's place was. They all thought they knew. Milly concealed her annoyance by stretching out full length on the dock and resting her chin in her cupped hands. "Just what would you do, Ethel?" she asked.

"Well—" Ethel said. "Well—of course there really isn't any man at Long Lake right now that Hank would be jealous of. I suppose that's out."

"Yes," said Milly, "that's out."

"You know why Hank has fallen for Florence Fleming, don't you?"

"She's very pretty," Milly said.

"So are lots of girls."

"And Hank has fallen for lots of girls."

"You mean," Ethel said, "that lots of girls have fallen for Hank. Women fall for him in—in droves. If he keeps on he's liable to be a—a—"

"A sap," Milly said.

"But this time," Ethel said, "I think it's serious."

Milly knitted her brows. She had her own reason for thinking it was serious. But Ethel couldn't possibly know her reason. And in spite of herself she was worried that Ethel had a reason of her own. It made the whole thing seem worse. She couldn't help feeling that an outsider, even a dumb outsider like Ethel, might see it all more truly and clearly than she could. And if an out-

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sider saw it as serious it must be terribly serious.

"And the reason it's serious," Ethel continued, "is that Florence Fleming is a married woman."

Milly shook her head. "I don't get that," she said. "After all—Florence can't marry Hank."

"Oh, can't she!" Ethel said. "Can't she get a divorce?"

"Yes," Milly admitted. "I suppose she could."

Ethel leaned toward Milly. "Don't you see that a married woman has every advantage over a girl like you? I'm married and I know. And if Hank starts falling for that type he'll never come back to you."

Milly said nothing.

"She's so much more sophisticated and experienced and everything," Ethel said.

"Meaning," Milly said gravely, "that I'm too naïve to have much sex appeal."

"Well," Ethel said, "you are sort of dumb about it."

MILLY could have killed her. Milly took a deep breath. She wouldn't let Ethel know. "Yes," she said, and managed to say it so calmly that Ethel did not see she was furious, "yes—I suppose I am sort of dumb about it."

"You certainly are," Ethel said. "You treat a man as if you were just friends and you never could be anything but just friends."

Milly took another deep breath. "Yes," she said and her voice was cool and throaty without any apparent emotion, "yes, I suppose I do."

"It doesn't get you anywhere," Ethel said.

More people came down the dock. Milly didn't have to listen to Ethel any more. Milly dived and swam toward the float. She swam with the steady, easy motion of one who has been swimming since the age of six. It was soothing to swim. She pulled herself up on the float and smiled and said holloa to everybody quite in her usual manner.

She saw Hank Adams standing on the other side of the float. He turned and saw her. He didn't look like a sap. He was built like a crew man. He was so big that he made Milly feel small and she liked feeling small. And he wasn't dumb. He was just out of college and still a good deal of a boy. But he wasn't dumb.

"Holloa, Milly," he said, with a slight sidewise gesture of his head.

"Holloa, Hank," Milly said, and nodded ever so slightly.

That was all anybody on the float heard. But they had known each other a long time. They had grown up in the same block of the same Chicago suburb. Milly knew that he was saying he wanted to talk to her when he got the chance and she had said all right. Milly felt better and then she felt worse.

MILLY walked slowly back to the Browne cottage from the bathhouse. She was glad she lived a quarter of a mile away down the lake shore. It gave her a little time to think. She felt perfectly helpless. In the old days she would have told Hank exactly what she thought of his playing around with Florence Fleming. She'd have told him he was making a fool of himself. They had always been brutally frank with each other while hotly defending each other to everybody else. She could tell Hank what she thought of a girl he'd fallen for then. She hadn't been in love with him. Or if she had she hadn't known it. He had never kissed her. He had never even held her hand. Other people didn't know that—didn't suspect it.

But now it was different. It was a

different game with different rules. It was different because he had kissed her and she had wanted him to. She could remember still the fright with which she had walked along this same path with Hank the night before she'd gone down to Chicago, a month earlier. That was what she had felt—fright. She knew he was going to kiss her and yet she didn't know. And she had seen that Hank—Hank, of all people—was frightened too.

She had driven to Chicago the next morning with her uncle and aunt. She'd had to stay a week. She could remember still the warm, quiet, happy feeling she'd had all that week in Chicago. Hank hadn't written and she hadn't written. They wouldn't write when they had so much to say to each other.

And when she got back she saw Hank with Florence Fleming.

Milly knew what she'd say of any

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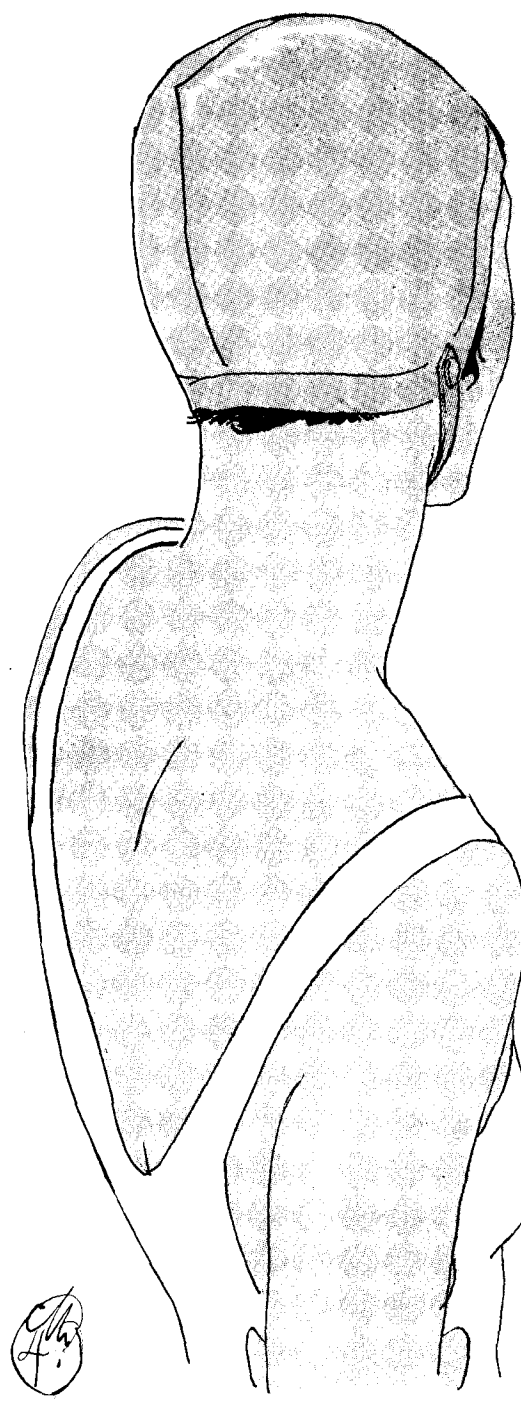

"Oh, Milly," Ethel Rexford said. "Do sit down and have a cigarette with me." Milly knew what that meant

Illustrated by Frederick Chapman

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

I took that carving knife from the butler and I said to Mrs. Overly: "Mrs. Overly, let us get rid of this thing right now!"

A Social Conspiracy

Read this story carefully, and see if you can guess what ailed Bertie's kind-hearted friend

By Don Marquis

YOU know what I think, Bertie? I think there's actually a kind of conspiracy against me, a social conspiracy. Why, you must have seen it yourself, old top! I'm not asked places any more, as I used to be. Used to be a social success, an outstanding social success. Now, what am I? Social outcast! Yes, practically that, Bertie! Incomprehensible to me, Bertie, absolutely incomprehensible, if you get what I mean.

What? You know what I said, perfectly. You must concentrate more; you must learn to concentrate. What I said was, it's ab-so-lute-ly in-com-pre-hen-si-ble that I am no longer a shoshal shuccshess. . . .

No thank you, old thing, no more water in it. Water sort of weakens it down. Takes up room, water does, if you get what I mean. . . .

Yes, you must have noticed it yourself, Bertie. What? No, I did *not* say notished. I said noticed. I said it very carefully. And I say it again—you *must* have noticed it yourself, this social conspiracy against me. I can't understand it. I have a kind heart. You know that. You know me well, Bertie; we went to school together. Oldest friend I've got, Bertie, that's what you are. Best friend. You'd die for me, Bertie. I know that. Die for me! Supreme sacrifice! What? I said supreme sac-ri-fice; I said it very correctly, and you understood me perfectly. I did *not* say shacrifishe. But I am not afraid to say it; I would say it in the face of all the world, if I meant it. You know me, Bertie. Courage. Courage of a lion when once aroushed.

Kind heart; that's me. But *always* misunderstood. Always! Heart lacerated. Take tonight, for instance. You were there tonight. You saw what happened. You saw how my kind impulses were turned against me by the foul mach . . . mach . . .

NO, BERTIE, Machiavelli is *not* the word I want. I am perfectly capable of selecting and enunciating the word I want. Machiavelli is a person I never had any sympathy with. Machinations is the word I want. Foul machinations. The foul machinations of a social conspiracy. . . .

Thank you, Bertie, just a *little* water in it. I am not, after all, a reservoir. I am not one of these Boulder Dams. I did not make a boast to anybody that I could drink up Niagara Falls and go home steady on my feet afterward. . . .

Bertie, you were there tonight, and you saw what happened. And I ask you, Bertie; I ask you! I sat right next to Mrs. Overly, our hostess. Splendid woman! Woman with a heart. Woman with a soul. The oftener I looked at her tonight, the more I pitied her. You know that big mole Mrs. Overly has on her chin? For years I have been saying to myself if Mrs. Overly did not have that mole she would be the handsomest woman alive. Stately. Queenly. Bertie, Mrs. Overly would be a goddess if she did not have that mole.

It would surprise you, Bertie, how often the tears have gushed into my eyes when I have thought of Mrs. Overly and that mole. Salt tears. I have lain awake nights and moaned about that mole. Moaned until daylight came.

I thought of it tonight when we were drinking the cocktails before dinner, and I choked. It was not the caviar on which I choked, although caviar has never been the same since the Russian revolution. Communism and the best caviar do not go together, Bertie; and I challenge any political economist to refute this, by statistics or otherwise. It was grief that choked me, Bertie. Lump. Lump in my throat. And I sobbed when I was drinking the champagne. Real champagne. Bertie, did you know that Mrs. Overly's maternal uncle brought that champagne from France in his own yacht just before the war?

MY HEART filled with affection for Mrs. Overly. Kindliness. Pity. So what did I do? You saw what I did, Bertie. I took that carving knife from the butler—it was on that silver platter thing, Bertie, if you noticed—and I said to Mrs. Overly:

"Mrs. Overly, let us get rid of this thing right now!"

It was kindness, Bertie. Chivalry. I did not imagine that I would make an enemy. But I did. It was Dr. Carver who grabbed my arm. You know Dr. Carver. Eminent surgeon. It flashed through my mind at once that he was jealous. Professional jealousy. Naturally, this disgusted me. He wanted to get a fee of five hundred dollars, no

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James Cagney and Virginia Bruce enjoying a peaceful moment in the recent mêlée entitled Winner Take All

Tough—by Request

He slapped his way into fame. Not content with raising his hand against a woman, he brought it down resoundingly—and other women applauded enviously. Jimmy Cagney is a gentle soul at heart, but when he's being tough there's no fake about it. If you doubt it, ask the producers

ANOTHER chorus man was needed for a vaudeville act scheduled to tour the cheaper circuits. It was the late summer of 1919; a number of applicants waited in a dingy rehearsal hall off Broadway. The stage manager turned to one of them, a young man with red hair, and asked whether he could dance.

"Sure," said Jimmy Cagney, who had just quit his job as parcel wrapper in a department store. "Just show me what to do and I'll do it."

The stage manager went through the routine. The bored pianist played the tune again and Cagney did the dance. He got the place and went on the road with the show. Some weeks later a new number was added; in this there was a step which Cagney found more difficult. But the stage manager was patient.

"For a good dancer," he sighed, "you're awfully dumb."

The truth is that Cagney, for a bad dancer, was awfully bright. He had been working for sixteen dollars a week when a fellow slave in the department store, with histrionic ambitions, told him about the chorus-boy job which paid twenty-five dollars. Cagney was motivated solely by the nine-dollar increase and, with a sublime self-assurance, which is an outstanding trait, answered the call for applicants. He did not mention the fact that he had never taken a dancing lesson and could not tell a buck-and-wing from an Irish clog. His only stage experience had been in amateur theatricals.

"While I waited for my turn," Cagney explains, "I watched the other fellows closely, and then I imitated their steps. It wasn't hard."

This is not the whole explanation, though. Jim Cagney spent his boyhood on New York's East Side and the influences which shaped his formative years were coldly practical. He had to take care of himself, with his brains as well as his fists. He had the hard brightness so characteristic of the city youth. A competitive streak developed which became more pronounced with the years. Other boys did things; so would he. Too, Jimmy had an outstanding talent. He was an excellent mimic. It was essential to the trade he was to follow, but it marked him long before he had thought of a theatrical career.

The public high school he attended, like all the New York schools, had a large percentage of Jewish boys. Jim heard his fellow students tell jokes in a strange tongue which sounded like German. Some years later vaudeville audiences were puzzled when a red-haired Irishman was able to exchange gags with the Yiddish comedian. Jimmy's competitive urge had inspired him to pick up the essentials of the language during his high school days.

This knowledge was useful during one of Cagney's frequent salary disputes in Hollywood. He was closeted with two of the studio's chief executives. The film potentates had been asking him, almost tearfully, whether he had no loyalty toward the great art of the motion picture. Would he bankrupt the industry by asking for more money?

Yiddish Comes in Handy

Jimmy was not much impressed by their woe. He pointed out that his pictures had been very profitable. He wanted a raise. After prolonged discussion the two executives shrugged their shoulders and turned toward each other.

"He's Irish," said one, in Yiddish, "what can we do?"

"He's stubborn," said the other, also in Yiddish; "we'd better give in. Besides, he's worth more dough."

"Thanks," broke in Cagney. "I forgot to tell you that I speak Yiddish."

The producers were good-natured about it and profited by their experience. In his next film Jimmy was cast as an Irish taxicab driver. The script included a minor collision with a Jewish hack driver and the resulting altercation, screamed in Yiddish, seemed to enchant Cagney's public. Many of the critics said that it was the high point of the film.

On the screen, as on the stage during the year or so before he went to Hollywood, Cagney plays hard-boiled rôles. He is a mug, as the classification is listed by casting directors. He kills without mercy. The beautiful blondes who play opposite him limp home at the end of the day to bathe in arnica and nurse their bruises as the sun sinks over the hot-dog stands of Hollywoodland. Jimmy, assisted by Clark Gable, brought to its fullest perfection the slapping of lovely females. Oh, to be similarly pounded! sighed the ladies, bored by gentlemanly husbands at home, as they crowded into movie cathedrals to watch the process.

The sad truth, carefully hidden by the press agents, is that Jim Cagney would bite off his hand rather than strike a woman. He has yet to perpetrate his first homicide. His belligerency is limited to his rows with the Hollywood movie executives. Cagney plays mug parts successfully, he thinks, for two reasons. The first is that he had ample opportunity, as a boy in New York, to observe the type. The second is that the rough, tough guy is so different from his own personality that he can lose himself in the part.

He has tremendous respect for erudition and his taste for serious reading

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James Cagney, with Loretta Young, in a scene from Taxi

By Henry F. Pringle

fills the other screen luminaries with awe. In appearance, of course, Cagney is tough. His jaw sticks out in pugilistic fashion. He has blue eyes and a red complexion to go with his red hair. He is amazingly strong despite his height, which is below the average, and he keeps himself fit by energetic gymnasium work. But he is really a gentle soul. He is kindly and considerate to waiters and servants, and in this there is no self-consciousness.

Cagney lives quietly with his wife in a small bungalow among the Hollywood hills. He goes out rather rarely and when he does is never the center of attention. He likes to have friends in for the evening and will sometimes hold forth in a low, fast, nervous voice. He is, as a matter of fact, an acutely nervous individual and first-nights terrify him. Invariably, when he was on the stage, he was overcome by real nausea just before going on on the opening night. He lost ten or fifteen pounds during his first three months in Hollywood; he was so nervous that he could eat very little.

Jim Cagney's boyhood home was superior to the neighborhood in which it was located. He was born about thirty years ago on Avenue D and Eighth Street in New York City. There were four sons and very little money; before long the Cagneys had moved to the Yorkville district, also on the East Side but farther uptown. Jimmy went to the public grade schools and then to Stuyvesant High School, where he had vague notions of learning to become a draftsman. Last summer, visiting New York while his name flashed over Broadway in electric lights, Cagney was tendered a dinner by the Friars, that fraternal organization of actors. He was called upon for a speech after the dinner and spoke, as he usually does, rather badly.

"I know a good many of you by sight," he said. "I've known you quite a while. I used to be a bellhop here at the club."

Talent Will Out

It was one of the many jobs whereby Jimmy added his bit to the yawning Cagney coffers. While in high school he also worked as an office boy on the New York Sun. He lugged books from the stacks to the reading-room at one of the branch public libraries. He worked in department stores. But he also found time to take part in amateur theatricals at a welfare center in Yorkville and surprised the coaches by his talent in portraying tough characters.

In February, 1918, came graduation from high school and a job with the American Water Works and Construction Company as a junior draftsman. Jimmy had thought vaguely of college and that fall found him a member of the Student Army Training Corps at Columbia University. The war was on.

Any hope of a college education vanished when his father died late in 1918. The financial plight of the Cagneys was further complicated by the birth of a daughter in March, 1919. Jimmy went back to the department store and became a parcel wrapper. It was at this point that he had his chance to go on the stage and tour the provinces with the vaudeville act for which he had, on his nerve alone, qualified as a chorus man.

The job lasted until almost the end of the year, but Jimmy's family voiced emphatic disapproval of a stage career. They persuaded him to abandon it and again his facility as a mimic came to his assistance. He heard of a job in one of the brokerage houses which lined the old Curb Market on Broad Street. Cagney had, from time to time, watched the daily antics at this market and had been impressed, as by any new trick, by the manner in which business was conducted. The mysterious signaling from windows to boys and brokers in the street stimulated his competitive qualities.

"I think I could do that," he told himself one day, as he looked on.

He got the job in the brokerage house and had his chance. Soon he spent the hours from ten o'clock to three each day perched in a window executing orders by wiggling his fingers. But he was profoundly bored. He had enjoyed a taste of the show business, with its freedom and friendly contacts. One morning he was instructed to obtain a quotation on an oil stock and signal the boy in the street. The boy vanished and did not return for several hours. Cagney was blamed for the delay. A clerk scolded him, then the office manager joined in and finally one of the partners. Jimmy promptly put on his hat and left. He was through as a captain of finance.

Back to the Boards

He had decided to defy the conservative Cagneys and return to the stage, but he worked as a waiter for a month before he found an opening. It was again as a chorus man, with a show called Pitter Patter. After ten or twelve weeks the specialty dancer was dismissed and Cagney was promoted to fill the place. He was paid forty dollars a week and fifteen dollars additional for serving as valet to the star, who was Ernest Truex.

The show lasted for thirty-two weeks and then, in the euphemism of the theater, Jim was "at liberty" again. He was, in a way, worse off. The obstinate streak which the Hollywood magnates now find distasteful and costly was beginning to grow. Refusing to consider the chorus, he waited a year before getting another job, which lasted only a few weeks. In 1922 he had a leading part, however, in Lew Field's Ritz Girl.

Cagney's obstinacy soon interfered again with his prosperity. He had dramatic aspirations by now and his hopes soared when he heard that a red-haired youth was needed for a show to be called Broadway. At the last moment Lee Tracy was substituted and Jimmy nursed the heartbreak which such incidents of the theater cause. By now he was married. In Pitter Patter

(Continued on page 45)

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Rope Enough

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Ann Morse

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

"Mr. Millar was delighted with a shepherd who passed and offered us water from his gourd. I didn't like that fellow's look"

ON MAY seventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, in the full clarity of a Grecian afternoon, Robert G. Millar simply walked over the crest of a hill somewhere between Delphi and Salona, and disappeared. Authorities and natives scoured the countryside for days after, but no body was found, no bones. Only a stained and knife-ripped coat bundled under a bush below the hill.

Had Robert Millar been a native Greek, Augustus Chase would have been lynched by an incensed populace—mild-mannered little Augustus Chase who had seen him last, disappearing over the crest of that hill. The populace was convinced that he was a murderer.

On the whole, the affair gave the American consulate quite a headache.

Everything traceable in the backgrounds of the two men was traced. There was very little. Both were evidently of comfortable means, but not wealthy. They apparently had been acquainted only three days. The hotel elevator boy had witnessed their meeting in his antiquated cage one evening.

"American, aren't you?" Robert Millar had eagerly begun the thing. "So am I. From Kansas." And had launched the ritual of name-exchanging with a card proving him the proud owner of an automobile agency.

For the first time in the six silent months he had spent in that obscure Greek town, Augustus Chase had seemed pleased to talk to a fellow countryman. His pallid face had brightened under its professional beard and mustache, and his nearsighted eyes had beamed through the pince-nez.

The elevator boy was certain of those details, it having been the first time he had seen Augustus Chase, always so scholarly and aloof, so much as pleasant.

But the very innocuousness of his compatriot had seemed attractive to Augustus Chase. Of medium height, regular-featured, enthusiastic and guileless, Robert Millar was a facsimile of any harmless young American.

"Where're you traveling on to from here, Mr. Chase?" he had asked.

And Augustus Chase had coughed a bit. "As a matter of fact, I live here. I'm collecting data for an archæological history of Greece, you see."

"No!" Robert Millar had been tremendously impressed, and apparently had felt called upon to be impressive. "I'm going on to Bulgaria from here. Ever been to Bulgaria, Mr. Chase?"

"I'm afraid not." (Pleasantly.)

"They say you've got to be careful there. Seems it's a great country to get lost in—accidentally or otherwise. Wild mountains, you know."

"Really?" (Politely.)

"So they say." And after a thoughtful pause Robert Millar had added, "Say, Mr. Chase, would it be too much to ask you to show me around the country a little, since you're practically a native?"

To which Augustus Chase had agreed, and three days later they had set off on foot directly after breakfast.

AS AUGUSTUS CHASE told it later, in the only statement he made to the authorities, "We tramped all morning through the town, and toward noon took the road out to the hills. We had a basket lunch under a plane tree, and Mr. Millar was in high spirits. He was delighted, for instance, with a shepherd who passed and offered us water from his gourd. I didn't like that fellow's look. . . . It was he who found the coat. . . .

"After he went on we sat and talked a while, until suddenly Mr. Millar remembered a birthday radiogram he should have sent a young woman friend of his in Kansas. He seemed very distressed at having forgotten it, and insisted on returning to the hotel to send it at once.

"I started back with him. But he was younger and upset, and I couldn't keep up with him. Finally, at a small rise, he asked if I'd mind his hurrying on alone. I told him to go. He swung over the crest of that hill, and—that is all. . . . I returned to the hotel, but it wasn't until he failed to come to dinner and I found his room empty that I became uneasy. . . ."

Having become "uneasy," Augustus Chase had begun the search among the hills, helped by some natives. It was not until nightfall and the shepherd's finding of the slashed coat under a bush that he had become seriously alarmed and notified the authorities.

The American consular officials at Athens were, of course, not a little puzzled. Augustus Chase was told as much over an uncertain long-distance connection. ". . . If you will just speak with the attachés we're sending down to you directly . . ."

But Augustus Chase was sorry. He had planned to go to Rhion near Patras that night, or perhaps to Salonika.

There were American consulates in both Patras and Salonika, the diplomatic voice suavely urged over the wire. "For your own protection, Mr. Chase," it said, "we'd like the names of character witnesses and such in the States. If this is murder, as the slashed coat indicates, your undoubtedly good antecedents would help you at any trial."

"I understand," snapped Augustus Chase, "that, in law, without a body there is no murder. But if and when a body is found I shall have to prove I did not murder Robert Millar. It's difficult sometimes to prove the truth." And his voice rang clear and convincing.

Yet, within sixteen hours, Augustus Chase was speeding north toward Bulgarian Macedonia. He was alone in his dusty compartment, surrounded by luggage marked "L. Z." And he was no longer the bearded scholar. His hair was darkened, his chin bare, his mustache smartly waxed. He was now a slightly swarthy Latin, perhaps. Probably a merchant.

The train was slowing down. The door of his compartment opened, and a pair of nondescript officials glanced in. A pleasant-looking young man appeared between them. He said, "Good morning, Colaby—or Chase, if you like." And, to the gaping police, "All right, snap the bracelets on him."

Augustus Chase paled, but he did not drop his pose. He lifted his darkened eyebrows, launched into rapid French: "'Chase'? But I am Louis Zoumier, monsieur."

"Yes," the younger man cheerfully agreed, "it's a great make-up."

And Augustus Chase licked his lips, staring. "I am Louis Zoumier," he mechanically repeated.

"Even so"—the young man grinned—"you may be interested to see that Robert Millar's body is found. It was easy to lose, by the way. Only had to cache a native cloak—a capote—under that bush below the hill and pick it up on the way down. I hated slashing up my own good coat for evidence, though."

It was then Augustus Chase shrugged, abruptly wilted against the mohair, no longer "Louis Zoumier." Robert Millar glanced quickly away from him.

"Sorry, Chase, but I had to make Greece too hot for you. We have no extradition treaty with Greece. And nothing would have pried you loose from such a safe hideaway but American consuls getting inquisitive, and that murder charge over your head—and not a chance to fight it with your record."

"SO YOU'VE *followed me all the* way?"

"From America. . . . I played a hunch when I said, 'Bulgaria's a great country to get lost in—accidentally or otherwise.' Thought you'd remember that and make for it at the first alarm. . . ."

"Wild mountains," Augustus Chase bitterly reminded himself.

"Yes. Well, we're in Bulgarian territory now, Colaby, and you can be extradited back to America from Bulgaria, you know, if not from Greece. . . . To be tried for the murder of your wife. . . ."

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

IN a moment of desperation, induced by poverty, Norah Oliver advertises for a husband—someone who will look after her little family. One Dunsmuir—Barry Dunsmuir, a scholarly, bespectacled explorer—answers the ad and Norah meets him.

Dunsmuir, it appears, wants a wife; one who will live on his New Jersey farm, "Foxaway." Charmed by Norah, he says he will gladly support her family if she will become his wife. A secret marriage follows; and a few hours later Dunsmuir sails for the South Polar regions, where he plans to remain for several months.

Keith, Norah's brother, goes to Guatemala, where a job awaits him; and, accompanied by her mother and her sister Eve, Norah (who makes it appear that Dunsmuir has made her his secretary-housekeeper) goes to Foxaway.

Norah is far from happy. Her thoughts revert constantly to a boy in New York: David Howard. She had hoped, at one time, he would ask her to marry him.

Weeks pass. No word from Dunsmuir. Then a flash of news that comes as a terrible shock to the girl. Barry Dunsmuir's ship has foundered. Only two men—sailors—have been saved!

Then comes another blow. Two girls—Hazel Dunsmuir, Barry's cousin, and Lucille Swann—arrive. Hazel introduces herself condescendingly, and: "Foxaway," she announces, "is now mine. Dear Barry, you know, willed it to me." "Foxaway," the other girl confides, "was to have been my home. Barry and I were engaged. We were planning to be married."

VI

NORAH stood looking at her for a long minute, while the summer day hummed, shone, sang and breathed sweetness about them like a true symphony.

Both the other girls were visibly affected by her emotion; Lucille began softly to cry, and her friend lowered her gently into the chair she had just vacated.

"Sit down, dear," Hazel said.

After a moment they all sat down, looking at one another soberly. Little Barbara Train, six years old, came through the green light of the grape arbor, and wedged her small person into the chair with Norah. Norah put her arm about her, but her gaze never left Hazel's face; afterward Hazel and Lucille could tell each other quite without exaggeration that if there had been nothing between Barry and his secretary, at least Miss Oliver had turned ashen white at the news of his engagement, and that her manner had been dazed for many minutes.

"I didn't know he was engaged," Norah finally enunciated.

Lucille nodded, touching her handkerchief to her eyes. Hazel spoke:

"He was at our house last autumn when he got back. That was just after my uncle's death, here at Foxaway. And Lucille was with us too, weren't you, dear?"

"We were terribly happy," Lucille admitted frankly. "And tell her—" she went on, a little incoherently, "about—you—you know—now—"

"She's in terror for fear the newspapers will get hold of it!" Hazel explained. "She doesn't want anyone to know!"

"I couldn't bear it!" Miss Swann whispered, leaning her head back against the grape arbor, and shutting her eyes.

"Don't worry, they'll not get it," Hazel assured her. She looked about the arbor. "Aren't all these tables new?" she asked.

"I had Ingersoll, a carpenter here, make them," Norah answered. "We serve—we're going to serve chicken lunches here on Sundays."

"Not at Foxaway!" Miss Dunsmuir said sharply.

"Well, we haven't really begun yet. We had four people last Sunday," Norah went on, "but they ate our dinner; we hadn't expected them!"

"But not at Foxaway!"

The tone of horror edged Norah's own tone with resentment when she spoke again.

"I wrote Mr. Dunsmuir at Hobart that it seemed a shame not to use the place."

"But he surely didn't agree to turning Foxaway into a roadhouse?"

Norah looked at the other girl levelly; her tone was level.

"No; he didn't agree to turning it into a roadhouse."

There was a brief pause. Then Hazel said:

"I thought you were doing secretarial work for Mr. Dunsmuir?"

"I was to, originally. But then he was invited to go with Dr. Sassoon—"

"Naturally, I know that," Hazel interpolated haughtily. "But hadn't you been his secretary before? Hadn't you notes?"

"No. I only met Mr. Dunsmuir in November."

"Oh, you hadn't worked for him before he went on the last trip?"

SUDDENLY, inexplicably, Norah felt frightened. The effect of these direct, hostile questions was to unnerve her. She felt confusedly that there was no use lying about the situation; if Barry were never going to come back, these people would discover everything, sooner or later. Lucille afraid of newspapers, indeed! Norah could feel their hot breath on her own bare skin; they would make the most of the story of a lost explorer, secretly engaged to one girl, secretly wed to another!

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"They want me to get out of here," she said, "and he wanted me to stay here"

Even while she talked to these visitors, Norah in her mind was busily explaining to someone authoritative—someone legal—

"No, Your Honor, I had seen him only those few times. Through a newspaper advertisement, Your Honor. No, sir, I had said that I would marry anyone who would support my mother—"

Aloud she said: "Mr. Dunsmuir advertised for a—he put an advertisement in the paper, and I answered it."

"It doesn't sound one bit like Barry!" his cousin said, as if she were thinking aloud. "There were plenty of secretaries at the Coates and Goldman office. I know that, for they had to let me out; I worked there one whole winter eighteen months ago."

Norah said nothing; her face was red.

"Are we going to take our supper up to the spring?" little Barbara asked eagerly.

"We surely are. Go get some tomatoes, Barbara, big firm ones, and put them in the ice house so they'll be nice and cold. And put on your hat before you go out to that hot vegetable garden."

"It wasn't 'Mrs. Oliver,' was it?" Hazel asked.

"I? No, Miss Oliver," Norah said. But her face flamed again; it was maddening, it was humiliating, to face these insolent questions. "Barbara isn't my child, if you mean that," she said. "Her mother is a naval lieutenant's widow who works in Phillipsburg. She's left Barbara with me for the summer."

"But I haven't asked my mother's question," Hazel said, after a pause. "She feels that after this—this shocking accident to the poor old Ladyslipper, was it?—Ladysmith, I mean—there'll be all sorts of legal procedures—that sort of thing. You see, my uncle, Dr. Dunsmuir, died only last year, and his estate isn't settled yet. And Mother felt that she'd like to know what your plans are—"

NORAH faced her steadily. "I am employed by Mr. Dunsmuir. He especially wanted me to be here, to get the place in order, and wait for him."

"Yes, but now that—unfortunately, he's not coming back—"

"We don't know he's not coming back," Norah said. "After all, the Ladysmith carried four lifeboats."

"Oh, but my dear!" Hazel protested patiently.

"I think I'd *feel* it, if Barry was coming back!" Lucille said in a sleepwalker's tone. Her friend—they were all standing now—put a bracing arm about her.

"Ah, no, dear; ah, no!" Hazel said.

Immediately afterward they climbed into the smart little roadster and were gone. Norah stood looking after

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them for a long, long time. Then she turned and went into the farmhouse, and the mellowed old halls and rooms received her into their shadowy summer peace and beauty and quieted her soul.

The kitchen was in spotless order; the dining-room shaded and empty. Subdued light battened at the drawn shades of the parlor, and Norah could see the walnut chairs, the old rug, the crystal candlesticks and the dim portraits over the mantel, all with the quiver of outlawed summer light trembling upon them like pond water. Her own chair, with its decorous antimacassar and footstool; Barbara's little rocker; Mother's chair. Her books; she was never done with arranging them, straightening them, exploring them. A great jar of peonies was on the table; another of mixed garden flowers, blue and red and yellow and white, on the old square piano.

HOME—home—home! She had made this place; she had rescued it from oblivion and decay. The deepest fibers of her being were knit to it; she could not imagine life without Foxaway.

Engaged to Barry indeed, that sentimental idiot of a girl with a snood around her hair! She had taken off her hat in the arbor and Norah somehow had felt that Barry never would have liked this lackadaisical young person with her velvet snood!

Or had he really liked her, and then changed his mind and, with that dreadful incisive logic of his, determined to marry for other reasons than a mere fancy, bred of a house party—

They would never know now. Unless, of course, even the icy southern ocean had failed to conquer Barry's crisp resourcefulness and iron determination. He might be alive somewhere.

Life began to seem complicated. It wasn't that anything very definite worried her, but it was disturbing to have so many things on her mind. Her bank balance, for example, must eternally be balanced against a mental litany that ran, "Pauline's sixteen dollars, and about five a week at Lassen's—but there's the calf money, he hasn't given me that yet, and boarding the Van Vleets' horses while they were up at the Lake, and Barbara's twenty—"

This usually came out satisfactorily enough, for there were many small avenues of revenue in summer, and her expenses were ludicrously low. Pauline took the family washing in her stride, as it were, and there was fruit, and there were berries and corn and tomatoes and milk and cream and eggs and broilers in embarrassing plenty to reduce the grocery bill. Pauline was always "putting up" a few currants or crab-apples, and always "salting down" butter and eggs, against the winter. She would quite casually make three pies instead of one, and report later to Norah, "I sold two of them pies over to the Lake, Miss Oliver—one of them ladies in the cottages took the both of 'em! I put the fifty cents into the cup here."

NORAH never seemed to have any money; but, on the other hand, country folk needed little.

Her continually dashed hopes of a business success occasioned more serious thought. Norah puzzled and wondered over her experiences. Nothing that she attempted ever came out the way it did in magazine stories or books. Wasn't it really possible to make a living, except in an office, under orders, as a cog in a big machine?

The Sunday chicken dinners of Foxaway had never been widely advertised, and when July had passed with only a record of one party of four, Norah had rather abandoned that idea. But immediately afterward, on the first August Sunday, in a deluging rain, seventeen hilarious motorists had arrived in five separate parties, all demanding dinner. On this occasion Elinor and Bill also had come up from town unexpectedly, and the simple Sunday fare had vanished to the last crumb before the first customer appeared. Bill had thought this so funny that Norah, red-cheeked, politely directing her patrons to the Inn up at the Lake, had felt that she could slay him.

Earlier, she and Pauline had put up two hundred jars of cherry butter, and that they had advertised. It sold well, too, for a week. Then the buyers began to return to Foxaway Farm in the exact order of their original appearance, bearing glasses of the sugared red horror and demanding explanations. The explanations had to take the form of refunding, and Norah and Pauline, after some further hot and sticky experiments in the lean-to, threw the whole bubbling, odorous mass of the cherry jam away.

A delicious time of leisure stretched ahead of her

Norah went up to some of the big Lake hotels, and was permitted to display cards. Mending Carefully Done. Birthday Cakes for Parties. Companions Supplied for Invalids or Elderly Persons. Honey. Garden Flowers.

All through that first summer at Foxaway these offers received no attention whatsoever. If any casual visitor at the farm was for a moment interested, the inevitable "Give me your telephone number," and Norah's regretful "We haven't a telephone at Foxaway," ended the matter once and for all.

Barbara remained her only boarder, and although Norah's brain was as fertile as ever in suggestions ("We could have a wonderful scout camp here—we could give children's parties here—we could have a convalescent home here!"), somehow nothing ever materialized.

THEN there were other anxieties. Barry's aunt, the rich Mrs. Dunsmuir, came majestically to the farm one hot August afternoon, and her conversation with Norah was painful for them both.

"You've done wonders for the old place," Mrs. Dunsmuir began graciously, after the rather strained preliminaries. "Dear old Foxaway! We used all to be here in my husband's lifetime, when Barry was a boy in college. He loved the place so!"

"We've only cleaned, really," Norah said. "Pauline and I have just done one thing after another—"

"Your sister?"

"Well, my sister Evelyn has helped, too. But Pauline is just a girl from the town."

"Was that my poor nephew's—dear unfortunate boy!—was that his idea?"

"Was what?"

"Was it dear Barry's idea to put the old place in shape?"

"Oh, yes; he wanted to do some writing here."

"He was going to live here?"

"He said so."

"You knew he was going to marry my daughter Hazel's dear friend, Lucille Swann?"

"They told me."

"The newspapers have got her story, poor child, and they have blazoned it, trumpeted it, over their wretched first pages."

"Oh, did she tell them?"

"No," the older woman said severely, "she didn't tell them. They have their own contemptible ways of finding things out! Nothing is sacred—nothing is safe."

"I didn't happen to see it," Norah said slowly, thinking.

"Well, they had the whole story, her pictures, everything. The poor child is prostrated! His death, of course, is a terrible shock to us all."

"He may not be dead."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Dunsmuir said sharply. "And that brings me to my errand," she went on. "Frankly, may I know what your plans are, so that I may form my own?"

"My plans?"

"We're very anxious to come here, Miss Oliver, my daughter and poor Lucille and I. The place—we've seen the will—is Hazel's. It's a Dunsmuir property, of course. Barry spoke of it last autumn when he was at my house: 'I'm leaving the farm to Hazel. I don't

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know what she'll do with it!' he said. Poor fellow, poor fellow. It was only a sort of joke then, but it is like a prophecy now, and Hazel feels—we all do—that Barry would want us here—would want our hands to be handling his books, our wishes to be respected in regard to—" She stopped as her eloquence tightened her throat and brought tears to her eyes.

"But you see," Norah interpolated, "he sent me here. I'm in his employ. I had my instructions."

"Certainly not to turn the place into an infant farm and roadhouse!"

"No; not to do that. But to take care of it until he came back."

"My dear child, you don't think that rescue ship is going to find him!"

"I don't think. If it doesn't, I suppose he'll be officially dead; that's what the papers seem to think, anyway."

"Well, exactly."

"But until they do," said Norah, "I think I ought to stay here. I really do."

"Perhaps you'll let me be the judge of that. After all, in situations as—as sad, as unfortunate as this one, the family—the family has its rights."

"My family has, I know!" Norah conceded with a cheerful laugh. "I don't somehow feel that he and Dr. Sassoon are dead at all," she went on. "They *can't* be. And if he came back I'd feel that I had broken my contract—"

AFTER a while Mrs. Dunsmuir left, vanquished for the moment at least, but the effect of the conversation was to make Norah uneasy. Lucille's engagement to the lost explorer was common property; the tabloids, the pictorials were making the most of it. Now was not the moment to announce a secret marriage to the same man.

And, after all, the real sum and climax of her troubles was that she was married to Barry Dunsmuir. All very well to talk of annulling and "not going through with it," and to say that there could easily be some arrangement made. It must be easy to slip out of such an affair, but the stark truth remained: she was married to him. That was on her record for life, whatever she did: her swift and secret marriage to a man she hardly knew, who had immediately departed on a long and dangerous journey, leaving her to face the music as best she might. She had never had an opportunity to love him, she had barely liked him; he might, upon his return, prove to be completely hateful to her, they might actively dislike each other. And still she would be married to him, and all her casuistry and courage could not wriggle her free.

DELIVERANCE from at least one of these burdens came unexpectedly on a certain exquisite September day some two weeks after Mrs. Dunsmuir's visit. Norah, flashing out to the porch upon one of her endless morning errands, discovered a majestic, gray-headed, old man comfortably seated there, fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan.

"Did you wish dinner?" she asked, with a panicky thought that included the fact that it was Monday, wash day for Pauline, and that very little prepared food was in the house after Sunday.

"Do you serve dinner?" the visitor asked, surprised.

"I do everything!" But Norah was regarding him with sudden interest now, and changed the subject by saying abruptly: "You—I know you. I'm afraid I've forgotten—no, I haven't. Isn't it Judge Bailey?"

"Why, God bless me," the man said bewilderedly, turning to scrutinize her more keenly. "Do we know each other?"

"Mr. Dunsmuir took me to your office last December. You were in the office, in the office of Coates and Goldman, last December when I was there with Barry Dunsmuir."

"Why, so I was—so I was!" he said, enlightened. "So *you* are the Miss Oliver I've heard so much about! And I never identified you with the girl who came in with Barry—poor Barry. Sad thing! Sad thing!"

"Have you heard so much about me?" Norah asked curiously.

"His aunt—his cousin, the Dunsmuirs—very old friends of mine," the old man explained significantly. "They've been making a good deal of fuss, in one way and another, about your staying here."

"They both came to see me about it, the mother and the daughter."

"Yes, well—yes, well—" Judge Bailey began fretfully. He rubbed his head. "They're in a great hurry to settle up the poor boy's affairs!" he said.

"But how can they do that if he isn't dead?"

"They can't legally. But I suppose the presumption—the presumption is that he *is* dead."

"WELL, I know—" Norah said, and paused on the stubborn phrase. "They want me to get out of here," she said, "and he wanted me to stay here. He intended to live here, you know. He was going to write a book."

"He was going to marry this nice little Swann girl—Hazel's friend."

"Had he told you so?" Norah asked.

A quizzical smile narrowed the old man's eyes.

"Didn't you see that story in the papers?"

"Oh, she told me so, for that matter," Norah said.

"And you didn't believe it?"

Norah made no answer. She was thinking.

"Well," said Judge Bailey, rubbing his head again, "it struck me as odd, too. It seemed very strange. Very unlike the boy, and I knew him well! It didn't seem to me he would ever marry anyone."

"He wouldn't marry two women at once anyway," Norah submitted.

There was a silence. The old man looked at her steadily.

"You and he were engaged, my dear?" he presently inquired respectfully.

"Not engaged. Married," Norah said.

Another pause, during which they continued to look full at each other.

"Mr. Barry Dunsmuir married?"

"We were married on December twenty-seventh, the day before he went away."

After a while Judge Bailey said "You and Barry *married?*" and Noral said "Yes" several times in succession.

"Why, I had no idea of his intention to marry," he said. "His will—it was filed in our office—made no mention o a wife! But to be sure that was some months before he sailed."

"He said something—that last day—of changing his will, or making a new will, I remember."

"He didn't. My gracious!" ejaculated the old man, "this is a complication. You and Barry, eh? Had known each other some time, eh?"

"Only a short time. Only a week or ten days, really. It was—it wasn't—the usual sort of—engagement," explained Norah, flushing brightly, fumbling for words. "He—he isn't—wasn't like anyone else about it. I was—well, we were having hard times, horrible times, my mother and sister and brother and I, and we lived in a dreadful place; I was sort of desperate. Keith—my brother—had lost his job, and I had lost mine, and it—it interested Barry. It was like a problem to him, something he could solve."

"Exactly! That was the boy!" the old man agreed, watching her intently, nodding his gray head.

"HE SAID he didn't believe the usual love-making was necessary—or at least that it was any sign of a happy marriage."

"You met him—where?"

"He answered an advertisement of mine."

"Barry did?"

"Well, it wasn't the usual thing; not as a stenographer, exactly. It was more that I was—I was up against it, I would do anything—anything honorable, that is—for someone to help my mother, take some of the load. Keith, my brother, was in love, and he couldn't think of anything but himself and Anne, and my sister Evelyn was just nineteen, and Mother sick—"

"You said you would even marry such a man, eh?"

"Well," Norah spoke hesitatingly, "if I liked him."

Judge Bailey's face brightened into a smile.

"And you did like Barry?"

"It wasn't so much that as that he was—*eager* to try the experiment. He said he wanted just that—a wife, companionship. He doesn't like cities and crowds, and he said he didn't want the responsibility of keeping house. He told me that his uncle had left him this place—Foxaway—"

Norah stopped. She glanced up at the bulk of the old farmhouse above and behind her.

"I love it!" she said in a low voice, as if she spoke only to herself.

(Continued on page 36)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The "Palio," the horse race that is held annually in the public square of Siena, Italy, still allows today—as it has done for several hundred years—the poisoning, maiming or stealing of a rival horse.

More than 60 per cent of the Negroes of voting age in this country today live in states that still deprive them of their right to vote.

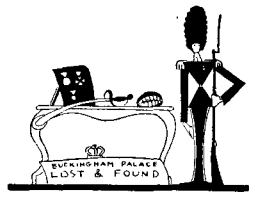
The Torgsin Stores of Russia, operated by the government for foreigners, are believed to be the only retail shops in existence refusing admittance to the citizens of their own country.

The U. S. Navy owns 44 of the world's 100 radio direction-finding stations and furnishes gratis a weekly average of 5,400 bearings to ships that wireless for them.—*By D. Dickstein, U. S. S. Mallard.*

Ireland is the only country where men are expected to live longer than women; the Maoris of New Zealand are the only people who carve but three fingers on their statues; and the Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego comprise the only tribe which has a rich vocabulary—of about 30,000 words—and cannot count over five.

In ancient Greece the city of Amyclae was harassed by so many false reports of invasion that it passed a law prohibiting anyone to mention the enemy again. One day the enemy *did* arrive and, as no one dared to give the alarm, Amyclae was captured and became known as "the city destroyed through silence."

On the morning after a Royal Court has been held in Buckingham Palace, London, the rooms are so littered with mislaid articles that a temporary lost property office has to be set up. All kinds of things have been found — swords, brooches, medals and even false teeth.



Our present three-cent postage for letters is small indeed when compared with the rates between 1816 and 1845, which ranged according to distance from six cents for 30 miles up to 25 cents for more than 400 miles.—*By Mrs. Esther Hornstein, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Tears shed from the human eye possess great antiseptic power. They show a markedly destructive effect on certain microbes even when diluted 6,000,000 times.

The busiest law office in this country today—either public or private—is that of the Attorney-General of New York State. It handles even a larger volume of work than the office of the Attorney-General in Washington.

Social wasps are able to make the paper with which they build their nests. By masticating wood pulp, they produce a heavy cardboard for the exterior and a smooth paper for the interior of the nests—smooth enough, in fact, to be written upon with ink.—*By I. I. Klubok, New York City.*

Certain species of butterflies exude a wide variety of delicate perfumes; more than 50 kinds of fish produce musical sounds; and the ocelot, or "small tiger," has such complete protective coloration that it cannot be seen a few feet away when standing motionless in the jungle.

One of the world's most pernicious marriage systems still exists today among the Nambutiri Brahmans of Malabar, India. In order to keep the family property intact, only *one* child in each household, preferably the eldest son, is ever permitted to marry.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Pillars of Sport

By John B. Kennedy

Damon Robinson and Pythias McGraw launched their big-league careers in the days when the Baltimore Orioles were large and serious athletes. They played ball together, baited and beguiled umpires in imperfect unison and even paired up in business between seasons. They are baseball history now, but exciting history

Wilbert Robinson (left), and John McGraw, who managed the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants through baseball's most colorful years, with a few of the great players they developed

ORGANIZED baseball received one shock last year when rotund Wilbert Robinson quit as manager of the Brooklyn Superbas. It sustained another shock almost before it had time to turn the other cheek, when John J. McGraw resigned as manager of the Giants. In the prize ring "they never come back"; in baseball they sometimes do. It may be that Robinson or McGraw or both will again decorate a bench with their bulk and a diamond with their vocabularies. Even if they don't, their names will live as long as the game because no two men have done more to make the national pastime a national industry.

When the Baltimore Orioles were as famous in baseball as Notre Dame, under Rockne, was in football—two young men met on a bench. They were Wilbert Robinson and John Joseph McGraw.

The bench was long and solid. It had to be. Only one of the dozen athletes adorning it weighed less than two hundred pounds, and he was John Joseph McGraw. He had come from the upper New York sticks, sought out by the keen eye of Ed Hanlon, manager of the Orioles, and placed in apprenticeship under the no less keen eye of Wilbert Robinson.

McGraw was an aspiring third baseman, and Robinson both captain and catcher of the Orioles.

When the 125-pound infielder took his seat at one end of the bench in the Baltimore ball park on a June afternoon, the heftier athletes regarded this as intrusion. A solid line of two-hundred-pounders, moving in unison, should have no difficulty in displacing a 125-pound athlete from the edge of a bench. They didn't. He sprawled in the dugout and there was mirth. In the next instant the solid line of heavyweights suffered an imitation of a wildcat let loose among them. The scrappy little third baseman punched and clawed, socked and was socked.

Thereafter he was left undisturbed on the bench. Not for long. Captain Robinson admired a fighter, but had use for a third baseman. McGraw broke into the line-up and remained there. And major sport beheld the beginning of a partnership between two of its major pillars that bolstered and developed baseball.

By Fair Means or Fouls

Of the two, McGraw has walked more in glory; Robinson, a sentimental fellow at heart, has cared less for the limelight than the lovelight of the game. He made all his own breaks while Muggsy—who hates to be called Muggsy—had most of his breaks made for him.

The two careers, while intertwined until abruptly broken by McGraw a few years ago, mark the development of baseball from a minor amusement, principally of local appeal, into big business.

But business men did not make the business. Players and managers and leaders of the Robinson and McGraw calibre did that. Those Baltimore Orioles were large and serious athletes. Ranking as the most dangerous team in the American Association, they inspired a local enthusiasm unmatched in other league towns—like Washington, New York, Chicago or Louisville and St. Louis. Their playing park was neighbored by a brickyard, which gave their more ecstatic admirers a substantial medium of expression.

As catcher and captain, Robinson received $2,800 a season, the others on the playing team $2,100 each, regardless of individual merit. There was no sharp silhouetting of individuals against the team background as there is today.

A sterling pitcher like old John McMahon, a less sterling but more colorful pitcher like Crazy Fred Smith, hefty batsmen like Walter (Steve) Brody and Harry Stover and other durable fighters of the type of Joe Kelly and Dan Brouthers and Willie Keeler—these were the truculent talent commanded by Ed Hanlon and piloted on the field by Wilbert Robinson.

In addition, a player had to be a party to quick tricks to win games. It was a rule, sternly applied by Captain Robinson, that every batter should strive by fair means or foul to get on base. John McGraw and Willie Keeler became specialists in foul means. Their ingenuity at bat, in days before the first two fouls counted as strikes, brought about that rule: it was nothing for these players to exasperate a pitcher by etching twenty-five or twenty-six fouls off him each time at bat until in disgust he threw enough wide ones to pass them to first.

Strategies That Simplified

Other more larcenous strategies marked the technique of the Orioles in the field. In their heyday but one umpire graced a contest. So, in their home park, where local sentiment condoned and even applauded their disregard for rules, they cut corners and speeded up the game by regularly diverting the attention of the single umpire with catcalls and phony furies while their men running bases would demonstrate that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points by galloping from second base to the home plate without even a formal touch at third.

Foreign teams also learned that scoring runs against the Orioles was a pleasure but a hazard. The first baseman would jostle them, the second baseman accidentally collide with them, and if these two barriers were overcome at the expense of a few bruises,

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Mr. McGraw was stationed at third, shod with sharp cleats.

Robbie himself set his players the example of quick wits. It's still told of him how, coaching his men running the bases, he shouted at the opposing pitcher: "Let me see that ball!" The pitcher, a fast thrower but a slow thinker, obeyed, and Robbie held the ball while two of his men romped home to win the game.

Baseball Becomes an Industry

Books could be written on the thousand and one minor ways in which Wilbert Robinson, during his association with John McGraw and the other strenuous pioneers in big-gate baseball, contributed to the development of the game by devotion and device. The difficulty would not be so much one of getting somebody to write the books as of getting anybody to read them. The major contribution of this pair to the sport is that with Robinson's mixture of diplomacy and guile—if these are complements and not synonyms—and McGraw's fiery aggressiveness, the Orioles waxed great. They carried six pennants back to Baltimore.

By thrift, Robbie and McGraw saved enough to go into the sports-goods business in Baltimore. Both were married: McGraw then to his first wife, now to his second. Both were not of the same opinion regarding baseball. Robbie tried his luck with the Philadelphia Athletics where Connie Mack, even then a moderately ancient manager, used him as a first- and then as a second-string catcher. McGraw went elsewhere and higher—to the New York Giants under John T. Brush.

Robinson, who could thoroughly enjoy building up a business that required geniality and a love of contact with fellow men, was quite satisfied to remain in Baltimore. McGraw wasn't. He saw visions and dreamed dreams; especially when another insufficiently sung pillar of sport, Ban B. Johnson, saw that organized baseball was moribund, knew that the country was eager to display national interest in a pastime that could be truly national, and challenged the monopoly of the club owners of the American Association by starting the American League.

This enterprise, recruiting capital from philanthropists desirous of promoting public sport when they saw a good chance of dividends; recruiting players who were dissatisfied with the limited opportunities and remuneration of the older league; this invasion of the older league—this invasion of a highly exploited field of popular entertainment—began by offering competition, continued by injecting new life into a commercial amusement which, with its fifty- and seventy-five-cent top prices, had not then become of such commercial stature that it rated special departments in the newspapers. And it was yet a long way from inspiring rackets like baseball pools and thrown games. Mr. Johnson's emergence and resolute handling of what was called the baseball rebellion on the part of the rebels changed the game from a pastime into an industry.

When the magnates of the National League, finding the Johnson leadership too much for their indolent temperaments, made a truce, recognized the intruder and joined with him in formulating a national commission, baseball became really organized.

McGraw was in on the ground floor as an aspirant to the managerial mantle of the Giants, which he received. Robbie settled back to the sports shop single-handed and became a seven-day-a-week burgher of Baltimore—his readily attainable ambition. It allowed him time to go duck-hunting at Dover Hall, Georgia, and that is his idea of being near to Paradise.

But the tang of rosin and diamond dust and the clatter of cleats haunted him by night. His nostrils widened at remembered odors of infield grass, peanuts, hot dogs and bleacher epithets. He was a voluntary outsider. He didn't want to be a volunteer to get inside the game again. Robbie wanted to be coaxed.

Graduates of the Orioles thought of Robbie, talked of him; but his name was rarely printed, save when necessity forced reference to his batting record of seven successive hits in a single game. McGraw he met infrequently, for John J. was riding high on the new-found enthusiasm of New Yorkers for a winning ball club. At least fifty thousand youths, unbeguiled by golf, were regular weekly patrons at the Polo Grounds; and McGraw was beginning to cash in, for his owners and for himself.

Yet, with the Giants dominating the baseball field as gate fillers, McGraw came into a slump. Driving men, like driving beasts of burden, succeeds while human stamina and willingness hold out. Then it fails. In the spring of 1909 McGraw felt his club failing. His pitchers were numerous but not formidable. And the general sentiment throughout the big leagues was that if the Giants experienced a pronounced slump, its effect would be contagious and gate receipts would be depleted everywhere.

Although the rest of organized baseball had relegated Wilbert Robinson to retirement, McGraw had not forgotten him. He remembered how Robbie, as captain of the Orioles, could coax outworn and weary pitchers back to doing their stuff in just one more game, in just one more pinch. He sent an S O S to Robbie to come down to Marlin Springs and be the Giants' pitching coach. Did Robbie go? He charged on that place. There quickly arose in the straight-striped Giants' uniform such glittering hillsmen as Christy Mathewson, Jeff Tesreau, Rube Marquard and the rest who twirled the New York team from pennant to pennant.

This lasted for several seasons until even McGraw, who dearly loves it, seemed to weary of the limelight. True, later he was to return to the limelight, with winning teams and not such winning ways.

Whatever the cause may have been—lack of top leadership, lack of insight in purchasing material in the well-named "ivory market" of the minor leagues, the Giants, even with Robbie as pitching coach, went to pieces in the world series against the Athletics in 1913.

There were high words between Robbie, whose work had been so fruitful, and McGraw, whose words could be so harsh. For the second time Robbie went into retirement; but baseball went on.

Winning with Discards

For the second time he came out of retirement. He spent his spare time duck-hunting and living thriftily on the fruits of his thrift. The Federal League challenged the vested lords of the national pastime with an insurgent movement that had tons of capital to back it, but, fortunately for organized baseball and unfortunately for the capitalists, only ounces of brains.

Yet the Federal League cleared the way for Robbie's comeback because its invasion of Brooklyn was popular; the brand of ball it played in Brooklyn was as nearly brilliant as any ever played there before. So that when the Federal League blew up, the Brooklyn ball fans, among the most captious and corybantic on earth, turned thumbs up on the so-called Superbas, or Dodgers, who seemed habituated to dodging victory more than any other one thing.

The late Charles H. Ebbets, after whom Ebbets Field is named, was acquainted with baseball tradition. He knew what others had forgotten with apparent unanimity, that rotund Wilbert Robinson was a large part of that tradition. Others had been more glorified, but Robinson, with his constitutional disregard of his own horn, had been permitted to lapse into obsolescence. With the Brooklyn team a threat to the prosperity of the National League by its intrinsic weakness of poor players and inept management, Ebbets did a bold thing. He invited Robbie to take the reins.

With a collection of discards Robinson gave Brooklyn its first National League pennant in 1916. Chief Myers, the aging Rube Marquard, Cheney of the Cubs, Mowry of the Pirates, Ivy Olson, surnamed "The Ivory," and Casey Stengel—all athletes whose uniform seats had achieved the luster of mirrors from prolonged bench-warming—these ancients he took and developed into storming conquerors.

But excitement was too much for his venerable team, and a cycle of doldrums

(Continued on page 47)

Photos:
Top, Keystone-Underwood
Center, Wide World
Bottom, Keystone

Above, the late Charles H. Ebbets; center, Dazzy Vance; below, Connie Mack

Left to right, Willie Keeler, Hughie Jennings, Groundskeeper Thomas Murphie, Joe Kelley and John McGraw of the old Baltimore Orioles

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The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

EMPLOYED by Lady Lebanon as a chauffeur, one Studd has been murdered—strangled to death—under mysterious circumstances. Who is the murderer? Chief Inspector Tanner and two aides—Sergeants Totty and Ferraby—set out to answer the question.

At Mark's Priory, Lady Lebanon's ancestral estate near the village of Mark's Thornton, Tanner interviews Lady Lebanon. She professes to know nothing of the tragedy, which had occurred near the Priory. The inspector then questions other members of the household: Willie, Lady Lebanon's weak-willed and only son; Isla Crane, her beautiful secretary (whom Willie is to marry, according to her ladyship's plans); Kelver, the butler; and Brooks and Gilder, two American footmen. No one makes any incriminating admissions; but Isla shows quite plainly that she, for one, is badly frightened.

According to rumor, the wife of a gamekeeper—one Tilling—had been having an affair with Studd. Tilling is a surly, vindictive man. Tanner resolves to watch him. Another suspect is Dr. Amersham, a mysterious person who, living in London, pays frequent visits to Mark's Priory. Tanner questions him—learns that he had once lived in India. And the long red scarf with which Studd was strangled had been made—in India!

Henceforth, Totty shadows Amersham. While watching the man's apartment, he sees a woman enter. Isla Crane! Seated on a fire-escape, Totty overhears the entire interview, in the course of which Amersham tells the girl he loves her—and immediately insults her, whereupon the girl makes a hurried exit. Ferraby—a charming man—shadows her. She recognizes him and, on a train, speaks to him (calling him by name), and informs him she is well aware of what he is doing. . . . In Mark's Thornton once more, Ferraby calls on and interrogates Mrs. Tilling (who is always hospitable to attractive men). Isla sees them together—and is shocked.

At the White Hart, a tavern, Ferraby is approached by a man. "My name's Tilling," says the fellow. "You keep away from my wife!" Ferraby laughs. And what he says drives the color from the gamekeeper's cheeks: "Why should I keep away? I'm a detective from Scotland Yard!"

IV

BEFORE Ferraby could say another word the man turned quickly, walked away from the bar and out of the White Hart.

"Nice fellow, isn't he?" said Tom, and then, charitably: "I suppose it's his wife. What did you think of her, Mr. Ferraby?"

"Very charming," said Ferraby, "and very pretty."

Tom nodded.

"Goin' to drive that fellow bats—you mark my words. He'll do something that he won't be responsible for. If I was her I'd be scared to death. But she isn't. They say he's like a child when she rounds on him. If she was my wife—"

He shook his head ominously.

FERRABY was not a beer drinker, especially not an early-morning beer drinker; but the bar parlor offered a favorable post of observation. He stood, glass in hand, watching the village street, in the hope that Isla Crane would return on that side where the White Hart was situated. He was desperately anxious to meet her, most anxious at the moment to explain what needed no explanation — his acquaintance with Mrs. Tilling. He told himself he was being ridiculous—and he was right. Isla Crane was probably unaware of the woman's existence.

Presently he saw her and, putting down his glass, strolled carelessly from the White Hart towards her. There was no reason why he should not speak to her. His presence in the village was known.

"Good morning, Miss Crane." He added, for the benefit of possible eavesdroppers, "You probably remember me—I'm Sergeant Ferraby."

She smiled at this, but was secretly pleased at the understanding which his artlessness suggested. He was telling her that he had not met her since she was at Mark's Priory last.

"I remember you very well, Mr. Ferraby. I saw you a few minutes ago: you were talking with Mrs. Tilling."

The smile faded from her eyes.

"Why are you staying here, Mr. Ferraby? What are you doing?"

"Pursuing my usual inquiries," he said, and went on glibly: "As a matter of fact, we've got some data to check up about a man who was staying here and who was arrested for being in possession of counterfeit money."

"Oh!" She was obviously relieved.

IT OCCURRED to him afterwards that she was as anxious to interview him as he to meet her. He walked with her to the lodge gates and a little way up the drive. About a hundred yards from the entrance she stopped.

"I don't think you'd better come any farther, Mr. Ferraby, or we shall believe that it isn't your forger but the Mark's Priory murder that has brought you here, and I think that might worry her ladyship, quite naturally."

She turned her head quickly and looked up the drive. Her hearing was more acute than Ferraby's, and she had recognized the step on the gravel. Presently he came into view, a young man in flannels, bareheaded, swinging in one hand a putter, which he raised in salutation to the girl.

"Do you know Lord Lebanon?" she asked in a low voice.

"I've just glimpsed him," said Ferraby. "I don't suppose he'll remember me."

"Good morning, Isla." The young man looked quizzically at her companion. "I know you." He closed his eyes tight, concentrating his mind. "You were down with Mr. Tanner. Something like Ferret. . . . Ferraby—that's right, isn't it?"

"You've a wonderful memory, my lord," smiled the detective.

"That is the only thing wonderful about me!" said the young man. "And even that gift raises no loud cheers at Mark's Priory! What are you doing? Cross-examining poor Isla? It's a wicked shame!" Lord Lebanon was smiling broadly. "Nobody cross-examined me—not Tanner, nor that queer little fellow who was with him—Sergeant Totty, is that his name?—nor anybody. I suppose I look rather unintelligent. Have you seen Amersham?"

The question was shot at the girl.

"I didn't know he was here."

"Oh, he's here all right. We ought to have a flag up when he arrives—break it from the masthead—a green skull and crossbones on a yellow field!"

"Willie!" She was gently reproachful, and he laughed softly.

"You don't know our friend Dr. Amersham, do you?" he addressed Ferraby.

"By repute, at any rate," said Ferraby cautiously.

"That's just as much as you should know him," said Lebanon. "To know him well may be an excellent education for a policeman, but it's a shocking experience for us poor, simple countrymen!"

HE LOOKED thoughtfully at the detective.

"What are you really here for—is it about that wretched murder?"

"Mr. Ferraby says that's not his business at all. There was a forger in the village—"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Where are you staying, Mr. Ferraby—at the White Hart? You could have come to the Priory. I'm sure her ladyship wouldn't have objected, and I—"

He saw the girl's eye and stopped. "I suppose you're terribly uncomfortable at the White Hart? It's a pigsty of a place."

"It's a very nice inn, Willie," insisted the girl.

"And I've got the best room," smiled Ferraby, "and a beautiful set of legs, on which I can walk out if I feel so inclined."

The boyish face of the young man wrinkled with laughter.

"You don't walk in your sleep by any chance, do you?" And then, with sudden and surprising penitence: "I'm terribly sorry, Isla."

To Ferraby's amazement the girl had gone red and then quickly white.

"Are you going up to the house now, Mr. Ferraby? I'll go with you."

"No, Mr. Ferraby walked as far as here with me. He's going back to the village."

"Then I'll take a stroll to the village, too."

The girl walked on almost without a word of farewell, and Lebanon called to her:

"Isla, if you see Gilder hiding behind that clump of bushes, you might tell him I know he's there! He can come into the open; it will save him an awful lot of bother. Probably the grass is very damp."

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

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As they moved off, Ferraby saw to his surprise that the girl had stopped near the bush Lebanon had indicated and was talking to some invisible person.

"I KNEW he was there," chuckled the young man and, taking Ferraby's arm, he strode down the drive with him. He was below normal size; his head hardly reached Ferraby's shoulder.

"There are two popular sayings about members of the peerage," he said. "One is that a man may be as drunk as a lord, and the other that he may be as happy as a lord. I've never been drunk, and it's so long ago since I was happy that I have almost forgotten the experience."

He glanced back over his shoulder.

"I suppose you do a lot of watching, don't you, Mr. Ferraby—follow people about, shadowing? Isn't that the word? How would you for a change like to be shadowed? I can tell you it's an exasperating experience."

"Have you ever been shadowed?" asked Ferraby, in surprise.

Lebanon nodded so violently that his fine, rather long hair fell down about his eyes. He pushed it back.

"In spite of the warning Isla gave him, I'm being shadowed at this moment," he said calmly.

Ferraby looked back and, sure enough, saw a tall man pacing slowly down the drive behind them, and recognized one

He was free, lying on the floor, gasping in the night air. Somebody flung the door open and came into blurred view over him

of the footmen he had seen at the Priory on the occasion of his last visit.

"It's a rum experience, but you get used to it. I'll make a confession to you." He slipped his arm out of the other's and looked up at him. "Do you know why I asked you to come back with me? To annoy the gentleman who is behind. When I say 'annoy' I mean scare. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, he will have recognized you and knows that you are an officer from Scotland Yard, and that will put the wind up him to an incredible extent. Why it should, I haven't the slightest idea, but one has only to mention Scotland Yard in my ancestral home to produce an atmosphere beside which the Chamber of Horrors is a cosy corner! Where is Scotland Yard?" he asked abruptly.

Ferraby explained.

"Near the House of Commons. I think I know the place. One of these days I'll come up and have a long chat with you and that fellow who's in charge of the case. What's his name? Tanner. I could tell him something that would rather amuse him."

They crossed the village street to the White Hart.

"Having accomplished the last thing in the world they wanted, I'll leave you."

"What was the last thing they wanted?" asked Ferraby.

"To see me in earnest confabulation with a police officer. I have an idea that is what Gilder is paid to prevent, and if I've disturbed his sleep tonight I've recovered a little of my lost happiness!"

Ferraby stood in the door of the inn and watched the young man along the street. He saw Gilder cross at a respectful distance. Obviously, he was keeping his master in sight.

Tom, the landlord's son, had been a witness.

"I didn't know you'd met his lordship." He was obviously impressed by the friendliness the young man had shown. "There's a nice fellow, if you like! But I wouldn't change places with him for all his money."

"Why not?" asked Ferraby.

"Because he's not his own master, for one thing. The real boss of Mark's Priory is her ladyship, if it isn't the doctor. Lord Lebanon is a bad third. One of these days—" He shook his head gloomily.

"WELL, what will happen one of these days?" asked Ferraby after a long silence.

"I don't know. They got Studd; maybe they'll get his lordship. Studd knew too much for some of them, and I've got an idea that his lordship is getting a little bit in the way. From what I've heard from the servants, he's not only given Amersham the rough side of his tongue but a punch on the nose one night. I'd like to have been there! But it won't make things any easier for his lordship."

He refused to elaborate this mysterious warning. On the phone that night Ferraby repeated the conversation to his chief.

"Village gossip, I should imagine. Anyway, Lebanon's the type that's born to be bossed. In fact, there's no other type. Some are bossed by women, some by thick-headed detective sergeants."

Ferraby guessed that Sergeant Totty was for the moment unpopular with his superior.

THE evenings at Mark's Priory were dull at the best of times. Amersham had gone back to London, so that Willie Lebanon had not even somebody to goad and quarrel with. If the truth be told, he was a little terrified of the doctor, but there were moments when, by some apparently innocent remark, he could irritate Amersham beyond endurance, and, having learned this trick, he never lost an opportunity of practicing it.

Isla had gone to bed, and Lady Lebanon flatly refused to play backgammon, and showed no inclination even to indulge in the most innocent of gossip. She was not entertaining at the best of times, and Willie had never been allowed to reach the stage where heraldry interested him.

He was a little apprehensive that evening. He knew from experience that his mother had something to say, and that that something was not too pleasant. There was a certain ominous quiet about her that was in itself a preparation for a disturbing pronouncement.

"WHO was that man you were walking with today, Willie?"

So that was it! He braced himself for a few unpleasant minutes.

"A fellow called—I forget his name. I met him in the village."

"He was a police officer, wasn't he?"

"I believe he was," said Willie with a carelessness he did not feel, as he took up a newspaper.

"What did you say to him?"

"Nothing at all. I just passed the time of day. He's staying at the White Hart. An awfully nice fellow. He came down to inquire about a forger or something of the sort."

She bit her lower lip, her dark eyes on her son.

"He came down to inquire about the murder," she said.

"Poor Studd? Really?"

He swung round in the chair on which he was sitting.

"I wondered if he was telling the truth or not. You can't really believe all these fellows tell you. Who said so?"

"He was seen talking to Mrs. Tilling and asking her questions. I hope you were discreet, Willie?"

He exploded with mirth.

"Discreet—how absurd! What have I got to be discreet about? I don't know who killed poor old Studd, do I? I may suspect, but I don't know. If I knew, and was absolutely certain, I'd have told him like a shot—especially if it was the man I think it is."

Her gaze did not waver; it was almost hypnotic in its fixed intensity.

"You talk about these things very light-heartedly, Willie"—her voice was very steady—"but I hope you realize what it would mean to a person so suspected. The police, even if they did not prove their case, might concoct a story that would send a perfectly innocent man to prison."

"And a perfectly guilty man too," said Willie, stung to recklessness. "Good Lord, Mother, what are you worrying about? Anybody would imagine you didn't want to see the murderer of poor old Studd arrested!"

HE SAW her stiffen at this, and watched rather than heard the progress of a sigh.

"What did you tell this officer?" she asked.

"Nothing."

He got up quickly and threw down the newspaper.

"He wasn't half as inquisitive as you are. I'm going to bed."

As he turned towards the stairs he saw Gilder standing on the lower step, a forbidding frown on his none too attractive face.

"Wait a moment, me lord. *I'd* rather like to know what you told that bird."

"Gilder!" Lady Lebanon's voice was harsh. "Let his lordship pass."

Lebanon, white with fury, did not trust himself to speak, but pushed past the footman and ran up the stairs.

"That was a little careless of you, Gilder."

"I'm sorry, me lady." There was no humility in his confession of sorrow. "But that fellow rattled me today. I thought they'd finished with the inquiry. What has made 'em take it up again? This is one of Tanner's men."

(Continued on page 38)

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didn't care to name had taken me for a little drive. . . ."

"A man you didn't care to name!" he jeered. "You'd have to name him; he's a corroporative witness. . . . And did you tell your husband all about it next morning? Lombard's lawyers would want to know why not. . . . My God, Janice, that's childish! By the time counsel for the defense got through with you everybody'd know where you'd been and what you'd been doing; and when they proved you'd lied about that they'd make the jury believe you'd lied all the way through. You wouldn't hurt Lombard, or the men higher up; but what you'd do to yourself, and Jeff, and your children—not to speak of me," he added dryly. "Is Horse Lombard worth it?"

She stood silent a while, looking at the winking lights on the farther shore of the Sound. . . . Lombard wasn't worth it, of course; she wasn't even sure civic virtue was worth it. But the self-respect of Janice Blair— She laughed. You couldn't respect yourself if you upset two homes, smeared the growing minds of four little children.

"I seem to have forfeited the right to self-respect," she said. "Not by having an affair with you—that was honest and clean enough. . . . It's funny, Don. We got into all this trouble because I tried to be a Good Samaritan and help a dying man by the side of the road. . . . But don't worry. I'm not going to tell."

Yet she knew that inwardly she was hoping for a miracle—some piece of evidence turning up unexpectedly that would convict Horse Lombard. With all the papers keeping the Burke murder case stirred up, it wasn't impossible.

YET, as the summer wore on, she began to believe in miracles. . . . It wasn't a miracle, of course, this sudden revival of sympathy between her and Jeff that he liked to call a second honeymoon. Partly it was a mere reduction to elementals; after the inflated hopes of boom days, the stinging bitterness when the bubble blew up, they had recognized —like a million other married couples— that they must come back to the simple primitive pattern. A man and a woman living and working together—the man going out to get the meat, the woman staying at home to look after the house and the children; needing each other so much that whether they wanted each other was irrelevant.

But they did want each other; that was the unexpected delight. Undeserved, too, but Janice couldn't worry as much about that as she supposed she should. Jeff seemed to feel that he had to make up to her for his moroseness of last winter; she had something to make up to him, too—and she could do it spontaneously, now that she was free from the constraint of the past months.

When she met Don at the club or the beach, what had happened seemed incredible, unreal. Looking back, she could see that the affair might have ended much sooner if she'd been willing to admit to herself that a woman like her could feel like that—and then get over it. But that was all over; what Jeff didn't know wouldn't hurt him, and she knew she was making him happy now—

Then she read that a man named Pink Murray had been arrested for the murder of Buck Burke.

The reformers, the graft investigators, the newspapers that crusaded for civic virtue and bigger circulations had refused to let the Burke case be forgotten; they had prodded the police and prosecutors, and the result was the arrest of a man, who had no connection with the higher-ups but who might have been ruined by Burke's testimony. At first Janice couldn't take this seriously. But more and more circumstantial evi-

The Road to Jericho

Continued from page 9

dence piled up against Pink Murray; he was indicted and with unprecedented speed he was brought to trial; there appeared witnesses who had seen him that night in central Long Island, who had heard him threaten to kill Buck Burke after a gambling quarrel a week before—

BUT Janice couldn't believe it. Stealthily she read every word of the story in the papers, and for the first time since June she found it hard to sleep of nights. But she didn't suppose that a judicial system that let the flagrantly guilty escape could convict the innocent; she didn't realize what perjury can do when there is plenty of money to buy witnesses; she didn't appreciate the zeal of a youthful district attorney fed on front-page publicity and drunk with ambition. She went on believing what she had to believe to make life livable—

"Sorry, No. 44, but your time's up!" *George Shellhase*

till the afternoon when the newsboy tossed the evening paper into the yard, and she ran out to read the staring headline:

PINK MURRAY GUILTY

Presently she put on her coat and went out to walk. It was November; dry leaves blew about the streets, the air was pungent with the smell of bonfires; on the bay front angry little waves whipped the beach. That hot June night when she made Don Sharpe turn back on a side road—it couldn't have happened. She wasn't a woman who sneaked out when her husband was away, to meet another woman's husband. She was a woman who worked for the man who worked for her, and liked it; who kept his house and took care of his children and slept in his arms. It wasn't fair to make a woman like her pay for another woman's mistakes. . . . She was in the business section of the village now—and there was Don Sharpe's office. She walked in, found him alone.

"Have you seen the papers, Don?"

"Yes. . . . But this Pink Murray—he'll appeal, of course. He may get off— Anyway, who is he? A tinhorn gambler with a record; if he didn't do this he probably did something else just as bad. Good Lord, Janice, after all these months you wouldn't kick everything over just for the sake of Pink Murray?"

"Not for Pink Murray—for Janice Blair. I'd loathe myself forever if I didn't— But I thought I ought to warn you, so that you'd have a chance to tell Muriel first." His eyes shifted uneasily. "You've told her!" she gasped. "I might have known you would!"

"I never meant to, Janice. The way it happened—"

"I don't care how it happened." Her hand was on the door.

"Wait!" He started up, caught her wrist. "Muriel won't tell," he said. (Janice could believe that; Muriel was too vain.) "And you know all the publicity this will mean—"

"Let me worry about that. You're out of it."

"I'll be in on the publicity," he said. "And I want to tell you right now that I'll deny everything. Nobody can prove where I was on the night of June eighteenth. People never suspected us in Manorwood; we covered up too well. If I deny it, say you must be pinning it on me to protect somebody else, as many people will believe my story as yours, here in town. It would ruin me if I didn't deny it."

"Ruin you if people knew you'd had an affair? Nonsense!"

"Damn the affair. But I'm in real estate. If I helped convict Lombard—if a big organization man like Magargel is involved—"

"I see. . . . All right—protect yourself. But I'm going to tell what happened."

"Have you told Jeff?" he asked her.

"Not yet. I'm going to tell him first, of course—"

"All right—tell him and see how he likes it. Ask him what chance you'll have of convicting Horse Lombard with me against you. Tell him, and see what he says!"

"Very good," she said. "I'll tell him."

BUT she felt a little sick as she went home. She'd always thought Don was all right, till he cracked up in a crisis. And now Jeff— They hadn't faced a real crisis in their eight years of marriage, unless you counted the loss of their money in the stock-market crash; and the way he had reacted to that wasn't reassuring.

She washed the dinner dishes (Jeff dried them for her), and then went upstairs to see if the children were all right. They had fallen asleep. . . . There was always something otherworldly about sleeping children. They were too young to appreciate this now, but when they grew older, what would they think of their mother? . . . A mother who let an innocent man go to the chair wouldn't be much good either; but if she did that they'd never know it, and what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them. . . .

She went down to the living-room. Jeff was reading on the couch, but when he saw her he put down his book, patted the cushions beside him. She sat down —but at the other end of the couch.

"Jeff— I'm sorry, but I've got to tell you something."

. . . He sat still, unnaturally still, as she went through the whole story. He had been cutting the pages of his book and the heavy bronze cutter was still in his hand; his fingers played with it as she went on, his jaws were tense. . . .

"That's all," she said at last. "I— I'm terribly sorry, Jeff."

He sat looking at the paper cutter; slowly his strong fingers bent it into a horseshoe, an oval, a crumpled mass of metal. He flung it, clattering, into the fireplace. . . . Then he looked up at her.

"You—you poor kid!" he said unsteadily. "Carrying all this load of secrets around with you—" But she saw that he was terribly hurt.

"Oh, I hoped you'd never have to know, Jeff!" His face twisted.

"I wish I didn't know! I hate it like hell! I'd never dreamed that you—"

"I didn't either, till it happened. Maybe some women wouldn't mind it, but I—I'm so ashamed—"

By now he had regained control of himself.

"I'm the one that ought to be ashamed," he said dryly. "What a louse Sharpe is! If I was so bad you had to take up with him— But these last months," he said, "since you broke off with Sharpe. The way you've acted— the way things have been between us— Did you mean that, Janice? Has that all been on the level?"

"Oh yes, darling, yes! I'm crazy about you now—"

SHE was crying, for the first time in years; he gathered her in his arms but she kept on crying inconsolably.

"All right." he soothed her. "It's all right. If you feel this way about me now, it's all right, Jan—"

"All right—except that I've got to tell it all in court," she said drearily— and saw that, in his reassurance, he had for a moment forgotten that. With that she almost broke down again.

"Jeff, I won't do it! I've hurt you enough! Pink Murray isn't worth it— I'm not worth it—what it would do to you and the children."

"Oh, but you've got to do it, of course," he said. "Can't let an innocent man go to the chair. It won't be much fun for any of us, but you've got to play the hand the way it's dealt."

"But it isn't fair, Jeff, to drag you into this just because you—you happened to marry a woman like me!"

"I don't know what I've ever done to deserve a woman like you," he said. "Plenty of women have had affairs, but a woman who'd risk everything to help somebody who'd been hurt— As for the children," he said, "they don't read the papers—"

"But when they grow up they'll hear about this—"

"I hope," he said, "they'll believe what they hear from their father rather than what they get from gossip; and if they do they'll be proud that they're the children of a first-rate woman. . . . You can get somebody to stay with them tomorrow, can't you? I'll get the office to let me off; I want to go along with you when you tell your story to the district attorney."

"I don't deserve it, Jeff. But if you'll always go along with me—"

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A Social Conspiracy

Continued from page 21

for removing that mole. Maybe I saw through his motives at I was repelled by his commercial e. Revolted by it, if you get I mean. So I said to him:

"I am surprised, Dr. Carver, that you should try to introduce business into a social event. Bah!"

It was bad taste in Dr. Carver, Bertie. You cannot deny it. I challenge you to refute it. The man is coarse. Mercenary. Materialistic. That man Carver shall never operate on anyone who is near and dear to me, Bertie. Anyone whom I have an affection for. And I have my affections. I am all affection. I have a tender heart. It bleeds for the unfortunate. That was why I wished to relieve Mrs. Overly of that mole. A dear woman, Bertie. Queenly woman. Goddess. A woman I could have loved if it had not been for that mole. I told them so. I told them all so. I told them that it was the hand of love which held that carving knife.

But the conspirators surrounded me. They hustled me. You were there yourself, Bertie, and I leave it to you if hustled is not the word. What? I did *not* say hushtled; I said hustled. Very distinctly. . . .

Eh? Oh, yes! There . . . there . . . no more water. I have had too much water this evening. I feel it. When water in large quantities is taken into the stomach carelessly it forms a mist. A fog. Fog rises from the water just like from a pond or river. Clouds the brain. My brain is already a little clouded from the immense quantities of water I have drunk this afternoon and evening. But my heart is all right, Bertie. In spite of conspiracies and persecutions, my heart is all right always. Never forget my old friends.

I WAS hustled from the house. No one present except myself maintained his dignity. There was a most surprising and crude outcry raised. Mrs. Overly's husband astonished me. He refused to recognize that my action was due to my affection for his queenly wife. And he offered me a terrible indignity. You were there, Bertie. You saw what happened. Your heart must have bled as mine did when Mrs. Overly's husband kicked me down the front steps into the street. But I found out the man's name. The man's name is Overly, and I have made a careful note of that fact. On my cuff. See? He shall hear from me later!

After this Mrs. Overly's husband had shown himself to be a partner to the social conspiracy against me, I found myself as if by magic at the Johnsons'. You know the Johnsons. Of course. Everyone knows the Johnsons. I had always thought of the Johnsons as an exceptionally attractive young couple. So have many other persons.

But, Bertie, people have been deceived about the Johnsons. Underneath their mask of bright attractiveness there lurks something. Something sinister. When I found myself at the Johnsons' they were showing their baby to a number of their friends and relations. New baby. First baby they ever had. Not a very long baby. It is about . . . about so long . . . well, maybe a little longer. About two or two and a half inches longer than that bottle you have there, Bertie. . . .

Why, yes, thank you, Bertie, I will. Splendid idea. Need it. Need something badly to counteract the vast quantities of water I have had forced into me today and tonight. . . .

It's a queer-looking baby. I noticed that at once. It came to me like a flash that the Johnsons must feel terribly about the way it looked. Discouraged. Downhearted. Naturally, they would try to keep up a brave front over it before people. But it's strange-looking. Queer lines on its face. I never saw anything like it outside of a zoo. It's head was queer. Funny features. But you couldn't see its head and face when it opened its mouth. When it opened its mouth, Bertie, it was like it had swallowed itself, if you get what I mean. Really, a very odd-looking baby. Odd and old. Very old. It looked as if it were thousands and thousands and thousands of years old.

NATURALLY, I felt very sorry for the Johnsons about this child, Bertie. You would have felt sorry yourself. Your heart, like mine, is a tender heart. A kind heart. I always know I can count on your kind heart, Bertie. Best friend! You'd die for me. Went to school together. My heart bled for the Johnsons. It did not look to me to be human at all, that baby.

I gazed on it in silence for a few moments, and then I put one hand on Mrs. Kind heart. That's me, Bertie. I sobbed. I couldn't help it. I sobbed and sobbed. I said to the Johnsons:

"Too bad! Heredity's a terrible thing! But cheer up! Don't break down! The next one may be human!"

And, you know, it might, too, Bertie; but before I could go on the Johnsons showed their real nature. Turned on me. I suppose conceit was at the bottom of it; parental conceit. Conceit is a terrible vice, Bertie. Destroys all kindliness of heart. Destroys the pleasures of social intercourse. Believe it or not, but the Johnsons were rude to me. Devastatingly rude. They inquired what I meant. When I told them my heart was bleeding for them because the child was so simian, that I was sobbing because it had been influenced by the glands of some grandparent . . . No, Bertie, I did *not* say glandparent. I was very careful to say grandparent. I would not make a pun, even a small pun, in the presence of affliction.

"I don't see why I had to dress for lamb stew!" *Bo Brown*

Johnson's shoulder and one on Johnson's and I said: "Too bad!"

They pretended they did not know what I meant. Of course. Keep the front up! That's the brave thing! Carry on. Like the Spartan boy. Fox bit him, and he never let on. The Johnsons laughed. And after I looked at the baby a while longer I thought I was on the track of what was the matter with it. Someone in the family had been at one time or another induced to have the gland treatment for something or other. You know. Monkey glands. Maybe a grandmother. Maybe a grandfather. Who knows? Influence had skipped a generation. Shown up in this baby before me. You know how things will skip a generation, Bertie.

I wanted to make sure. Took a fountain pen from my pocket and laid it across the soles of the infant's feet. Without an instant's hesitation its feet curled up and grasped the fountain pen. That settled it. You know how monkeys use their feet for hands and their hands for feet. I sighed. Too bad for the Johnsons! There came into my mind that old joke about a similar child who climbed to the chandelier right after he was born. But I did not utter it. I thought it a little vulgar. You know me, Bertie, and how I hate coarse jests. Refined instincts. Delicate mind.

Where was I? Oh, yes, at the Johnsons'! But soon I was in a taxicab, and the driver was, like myself, a most tender-hearted man. I distinctly remember that he and I cried together, Bertie, over what had been happening to me all evening. We wept at several places which he drove me to. We found a good many friends who wept with us. The world is not all bad, Bertie. There are kind hearts here and there. You will find, in one of my pockets, a card. On it is the name and address of a bartender named Eddie. Eddie is one of the kindest-hearted men I ever met.

AND then, suddenly, I was not standing in front of Eddie any more, or Eddie in front of me. I was standing in front of an elderly gentleman with a book in his hand. The bar which had been with Eddie was nowhere near the elderly gentleman with the book. I realized that at once, for I think very quickly in emergencies and little escapes me. As you know, Bertie.

Near this elderly gentleman with the book was my cousin, Jane Appleby. You know Jane, don't you? A very nice girl Jane is, and a very pretty girl, too. I was not surprised to see Jane, for I remembered that she was having a wedding that evening. A home wedding, you know, Bertie. There is always something going on at the Very sociable people. Hospital ly every evening some sort And this evening it was a h ding. Jane was getting marrie girl, Jane.

I looked around and there v Thompson, too. That didn't me, either, for Sam was the m was marrying. Naturally, he w there. I said to him that natur would be there.

Oh, thanks, Bertie . . . thoughi you. And I do need a drop of thing, too, after all I have been thi and the persecutions I have end

So I said to the elderly gentl with the book that I wouldn't have water with it this time, please. A q old boy. And very changeable, too. a minute he would look like Eddie, then he would look like someone e *And then after a bit he got hold of h* self and settled down into looking l a preacher. This did not surprise n either; for naturally if you are going to have a wedding, you must ha e a preacher, or a justice of the peace, or somebody, if you want to have it legal.

There *are* times, you know, when people get married and find out later that for some reason the wedding was not legal. You must have read stories about that, Bertie. I was pleased that this was going to be a legal wedding, with a preacher and everything. So I smiled at Sam Thompson and said to him:

"So this time it's to be a legal wedding, is it, Sam? That's fine!" And then the thought of the poor little Johnson baby flashed through my mind, and I added: "I hope there won't be anything queer about the children this time, either."

RIGHT then and there the social conspiracy against me reared its head once more, Bertie, like a . . . like a . . .

You know what I mean. In bosoms. Some people have them there. Nourish them. Nourish them in their bosoms . . .

No, I don't mean tattoo marks. You might have tattoo marks on your bosom. But you don't nourish tattoo marks. Don't be stupid, Bertie. One of those things you nourish in your bosom and *it turns against you.*

A viper. That's it. A viper. The conspiracy lifted its head against me once more, like a viper. I never knew people could say and do such perfectly venomous things before, Bertie.

A good many of my own people were there, too. My own family. Uncles. Aunts. Cousins. One brother. Two sisters. Even my father.

Bertie, even my mother!

Do you know what it is to have a mother turn against you? I hope not. I hope you have been spared that. There is something sacred about a mother, and that makes it all the more overwhelming when a mother turns against you. Bertie, I hate to say it, even to you . . . and I know you would die for me . . . we went to school together . . . I hate to say it, but I have some very cold-hearted relatives. I do not know where I get my own kind heart from, for I am descended from vipers; from vipers that rear their crests like a social conspiracy.

So I came away from there broken-hearted. I came here to the club, hoping that you would be here. I wanted to tell you about this social conspiracy. You are my oldest friend. And I feel depressed. I am a social outcast.

What? No! Never again as long as I live will I listen to the babble of a man like you who urges me to take gallon after gallon of water into my system as you have done tonight! I trusted you, Bertie; I thought you had a kind heart, and now I find that you have turned against me, too!

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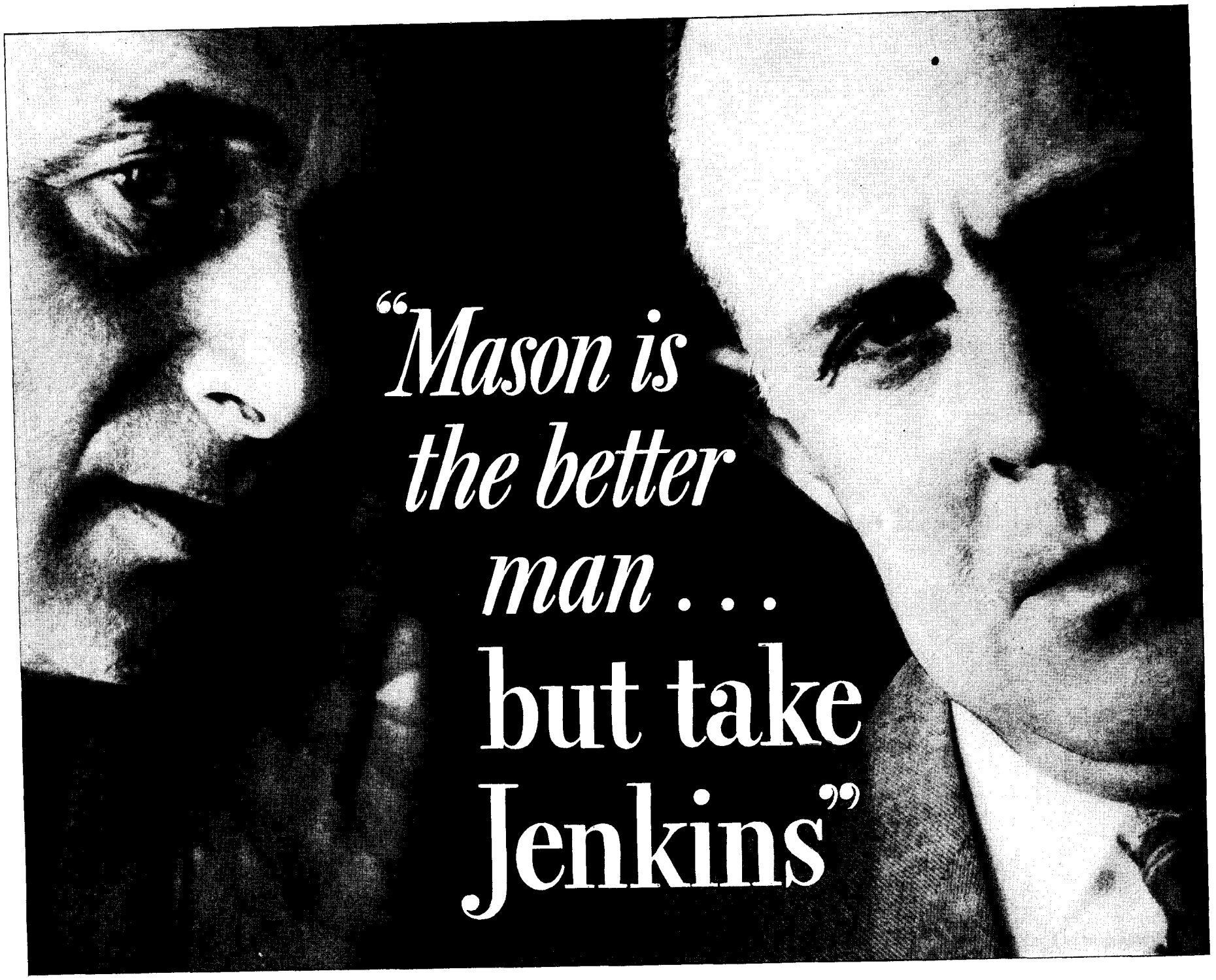

WHEN the President asked for an able man to act as his assistant on a long business trip, why did the Sales Manager make this strange recommendation? Why should a second-rater like Jenkins get the call, over a man of Mason's attainments? The answer is simple: Mason had one shortcoming, irritating to others. About him always there was the hint of body odors. The President would be the first to resent this. Jenkins, less able but more fastidious, was the natural choice.

In business, such decisions are made every day. Personal characteristics are often the deciding factors.

* * * *

Surely every man owes it to himself to be fastidious always.

There are two handicaps which must be overcome, since others will not tolerate them. One is the presence of body odors. The other is halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One antiseptic—and only one—effectively combats both. Its name is Listerine. Test after test shows that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. Listerine is the quickest of deodorants, and is the safest of antiseptics. Its taste is pleasant.

Real Deodorant Effect

No mere washing with soap and water will eliminate perspiration and other body odors. A real deodorant is required. So we say: After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It cleanses, closes pores, and removes objectionable odors.

If you wish to make sure that your breath is sweet and beyond power to offend others, simply gargle with Listerine every morning and every night. And if you wish to be doubly sure, before any social engagement.

Ends Halitosis Instantly

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ENDS HALITOSIS (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 27

"I've never loved anything so much. It seems the place I belong in, like a part of me."

The old man was thinking.

"But then this other girl, Lucille—Lucille Swann. What about her? D'you figure it that Barry made love to the girl in October—he was with the Dunsmuirs in October — and then just dropped her flat?"

"I don't think he ever paid her the slightest attention."

"Don't!" echoed the old man, with a ludicrous falling of the jaw.

"I don't know anything about it, of course. But she never told the other girl, Hazel, anything about her engagement until—well, until there was reason to think Barry wouldn't come back."

"Ha!" ejaculated Judge Bailey. "I'm staying over here at the Lake with my wife and daughter," he presently added, "and Mrs. Dunsmuir asked me to have a talk with you. I'm poor Barry's executor, of course."

"They want me to get out?"

"They had some idea of spending the rest of the month and October here; there are books here, old family things—"

He paused.

"But this news of yours," he went on, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "this places a different—a different complexion on the whole thing. Married, eh? Well, you—you surprise me!"

"My own mother doesn't know," said Norah.

"YOUR own mother? But then," pursued the judge, "was it the idea that when poor Barry did come back, you and he should announce it?"

"He was hardly sure that he would go at all, Judge, when we—decided it." Norah hesitated. "His going has made it all difficult," she said. "If he had come back, I don't know quite what we should have done. It—our getting married, was a sort of dare, an impulse—"

"Barry having had this idea that marriage could be arranged that way, in the European way, on a perfectly common-sense basis," the old man formulated it, as she fell silent, "advertised for a stenographer, and then picked the one he liked, and put his—his proposal to her?"

"Not quite that!" Norah said uncomfortably, with a little nervous laugh. "It—it really came from me. I don't think he would have thought of it. I said that to have Mother taken care of, and to have a home, I'd marry—oh, not anyone, but any man who—who impressed me as being good and honest. I said I'd make a home for him and take care of him and his children."

"Why, my daughter Rosa saw something in the paper like that months ago. A letter, I think it was."

"Yes. I wrote that. And Barry put a personal in that same paper a few days later, and we met that way."

The judge fell into deep thought, his fine old mouth half smiling.

"Yes; that's exactly what Barry would do, that's the kind of thing that would have appealed to him," he said. "But he was a fine fellow," he said warmly. "He was a fine fellow, he was one of the best!"

"Afterward, when he had the chance to go off with Dr. Sassoon," Norah pursued, warming herself to her companion's sympathy, "it all seemed so much less of a joke—our marriage, I mean. I came up here—" Her loving eyes wandered over the rich beauty of the old farm, the deep-foliaged trees.

"It's surely a pretty old place," the judge said.

"It's changed me, everything about me," Norah said, not looking at him, speaking as if she were merely thinking aloud. "I've cooked and washed and raked and pruned; I've painted and sewed and gathered eggs and mixed feed for chickens and cows, here; I've washed dishes and churned milk and ironed handkerchiefs—I've *lived* here. Mother and Barbara and I have our suppers out here under the maples every night. Each one of us gets what she wants, and brings it out on a tray, with a book—or without a book. I've come down here from my bed, moonlight nights, and just stood out here, looking around—loving it—"

THE old man cleared his throat.

"Well," he said, "I see no reason why you shouldn't stay here. Lacking—ahem!—direct heirs, this place would revert to you as the widow."

Norah laughed forlornly.

"It sounds so—*awful*," she said. "But then, you see, Judge," she went on, "Mrs. Dunsmuir claims that under the will this place was left to Hazel."

"*I see, I see*," he agreed in a puzzled tone, scraping his chin again. "But in that case," he added, "you will have money enough to make some other arrangement for yourself and your mother."

Norah looked at him in surprise.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if this relief expedition fails, as it probably will fail, you will come in for a good deal of property, my dear. Barry was by no means a rich man, but his uncle's estate—"

A startled look came into the girl's eyes.

"I never thought of that!"

After a while the judge said:

"Suppose I put it this way to Mrs. Dunsmuir? You are in Barry's employ, and his directions were that you were to live here. You are perfectly justified in doing so, at least until the courts are satisfied that he is not going to return. Just as soon as anything definite about Barry is decided, then you make known that you are his wife, and your claim of course is recognized."

"That would be wonderful!" Norah approved, with a flash of gray eyes.

"Wiser, I think, than to give this marriage to the papers just now, when everyone is talking about him."

"Oh, much wiser."

The old man got to his feet, held out a friendly hand; his eyes were very kind as he looked down at Norah.

"My dear, you have had a strange story."

"It seems to me strange," Norah said.

"I am sorry for Barry. He was a lonely fellow. And no man could want a finer home than this one, or a—" He bowed, a little at a loss for words, "or a happier future," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" Norah said, blinking suddenly wet eyelashes, trying to laugh. "It all—came out so differently,"

Garrett Price

she went on lamely, "so differently from what we expected!"

He looked at her keenly.

"*But you did*—like him, eh?"

Norah's face flamed.

"I don't know," she admitted honestly. "I've felt terribly grateful to him," she said.

The old man went to his waiting car.

NORAH stood looking after him until the last black twinkle of the car vanished at the turn of the road. Then she walked back from the gate to the house, stopping to pick a spray of velvet, sweet, dark wallflower, stopping again to look up at the leaves of the mighty maple that brushed against her bedroom window.

Mother was asleep, up there, and Pauline, who always selected the most broiling hour of the hottest possible day to feel energetic and fresh, with wet-combed hair, and stiff percale dress and sunbonnet, had taken Barbara fishing. Before it would be necessary to start supper trays a delicious time of leisure stretched ahead of Norah; it was not yet five o'clock.

Norah, after changing her dress, decided to walk up to the spring pool. Every inch of the way would be interesting to the lady of the manor farm, and once there she could have an icy drink or an icy peach, and sit on the rock and look off across all the world.

But she had not gone ten feet before the sound of a motor behind her made her turn about. A smart, yellow roadster was coming up the road under the big trees, and while she watched, it was stopped on the drive by the side door, and a young man sprang out of it. A tall, square young man, in white, with no hat on his shining, light brown hair. He called to her:

"Norah!"

Norah went toward him, smiling vaguely. Who on earth—

Then suddenly the blood left her heart in a rush; came back with a rush, and she felt her pulses begin to pound.

"David!" she said. "David Howard!"

"Norah!" the boy said delightedly. "What fun! I just heard you were here; I've been three days at the hotel at the Lake on my vacation. And just this afternoon somebody said 'Norah Oliver,' and I realized that the girl at the Foxaway Farm was *you!*"

It made her feel a little dizzy; she had liked him so much a year ago—so much more than was wise or dignified or happy. She had dreamed of him, prayed about him. She had pocketed her pride, when David Howard had seemed to forget her; had telephoned his mother, had made excuses to send him notes, had tried in every way a girl could—indeed, in many ways she hated to remember now—to remind him of her existence and her affection. She had schooled herself for this moment of meeting again, schooled herself to coldness and reproof, and as often she had melted into forgiveness, into tenderness, just because she liked him and needed him.

SHE reached blindly for her resolution and courage now. She had on her blue chiffon, fortunately. And, fortunately again, she had dampened her hair, and combed it severely into ripples and fishtails against her browned skin.

"David, it's ages since I've seen you," she said, with banality. It was not much, but at least it was better than to burst into tears and cling to him.

"Well, is that all I get?" he said, laughing. And her heart—her fool heart, she called it fiercely to herself—began to flutter again. "No, but let's sit down, Norah," David said, "and talk it over. There's something I've got to say to you, and I've been wanting to say it for a long time."

"Come up to the spring pool, it's only two minutes' walk. I was going there anyway to get some peaches."

They walked along together, and David said enthusiastically:

"What a swell old place! Isn't it Dunsmuir's place? Didn't they say so at the hotel?"

"Yes; I was his secretary."

"Some place. See in the paper this morning that they think they've found him?"

"Did the paper say that?"

"Didn't you see it? The radio announced it too, someone said. No; they haven't found him. But the rescue ship sent a radio that they'd picked up one of the other lifeboats, with six men in it, and they said Dr. Sassoon—I don't remember. But anyway, they'd all been together before that."

Norah sat down on the great stone that served as a seat beside the spring. Her eyes were dazed, fixed on far space. Under the tan her face had grown pale.

"You're prettier than ever, Norah," David said. "Do you know that I'm crazy about you?"

(To be continued next week)

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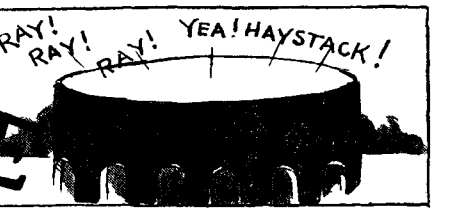
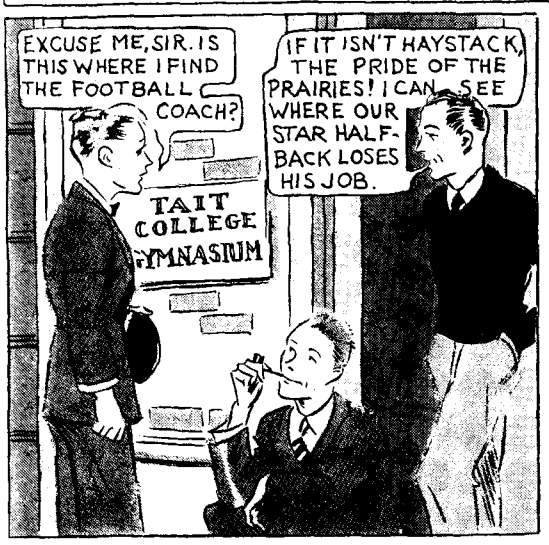
HAYSTACK HITS HIS STRIDE

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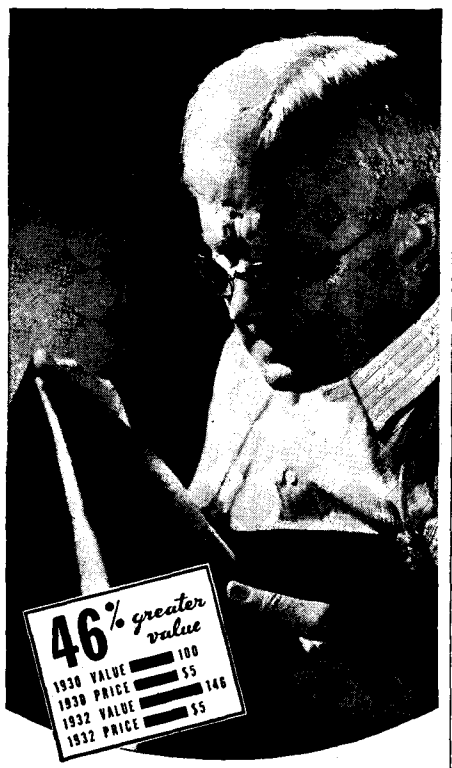

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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 31

She nodded and proceeded quietly:

"He's down at the White Hart, isn't he? Do you think the story is true—I mean, about his coming here to conduct inquiries about the forger? There may be some truth in that. It isn't necessarily the other matter which has brought him."

Gilder looked dubious.

"I don't know. He's only a little man, a sergeant. I guess if there was anything important on, the big fellow would have come himself. Those kind of people are only sent to make inquiries and to clear up little points. I shouldn't think he's worrying his head about Studd. If I thought he was—"

"If you thought he was, Gilder, you'd be your own careful self."

Lady Lebanon's smile was rare and dazzling. Gilder himself had never seen her smile more than twice before.

"In the meantime I should like to know just what he's doing and when he leaves."

She took a cash-box from a drawer of her desk, put it under her arm and went upstairs. . . .

There was no reason why she should have worried about Ferraby. He was making preparations to leave on the following morning, and, though he would go reluctantly, Tanner had given him specific instructions.

AFTER the last belated customer had been politely ejected from the White Hart, he went out for a stroll, and he followed the road he had taken that morning, coming at last within sight of the gamekeeper's cottage.

As he approached the entrance he was conscious that somebody was there. It was a woman, her shoulders covered by a dark shawl, and she was smoking a cigarette.

"I wondered if it was you," she said.

She spoke in an undertone, as though she feared she might be overheard:

"This is a dead-and-alive village. I suppose you're bored to death?"

She affected a curiously refined tone of voice which reminded him irresistibly of Totty in his more genteel moments.

"No, it isn't so boring. By the way, I saw your husband this morning; he was rather annoyed with me."

She shrugged one shoulder.

"That's nothing new; he's always annoyed with somebody." She looked back. "He's on duty tonight, on the north side of the park. They've had poachers there. If he's doing his work, he's two miles away."

His hand was on the gate when, without any warning, she rested her palm on his.

"I'm sorry I can't ask you in," she said. "Would you like to come for a walk in Priory Fields?"

He was staggered.

"I'm going to take a walk to the White Hart, and then I'm going to walk into bed," he said.

She laughed mockingly.

"Johnny wouldn't hurt you," she said. He guessed "Johnny" was Mr. Tilling. "I always take a walk in the evenings—so long as I keep in sight of the cottage it really doesn't matter leaving it."

Then her manner and her voice changed.

"Who killed Studd?" she asked.

Her tone was almost metallic, and he sensed in her a depth of fury that he had never suspected.

"The dirty, murderous beast!" There was a catch in her voice. "I'm going to find him, Mr. Ferraby, and I'll find him before you detectives do!"

She was breathing very quickly; there had been almost a sob in her voice.

"Studd was a friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"He was my lover," she said defiantly. "I'm telling you the truth. He was the only man in the world—"

Again she stopped, finding it almost impossible to control her voice.

"I was going to get a divorce. Johnny's no saint, I can tell you. And we were going to marry. That's the truth. He'd have changed me—taken me away from this beastly village."

She stopped, fought for her self-control and recovered it.

"I was going to tell you that this morning, only I couldn't. If I ever find out who murdered him, I don't care who they are, I'm going to put them on the gallows!"

There was a concentrated malignity in the words that would have shocked him if he hadn't been beyond shocking.

"That's why I hoped you'd come for a walk with me. I wanted to find out what you knew, and, like a fool, I thought it'd be easy to get it out of you. But now I know that if you knew you wouldn't tell me—and you don't know!"

There was no sound but the drip-drip of water from trees. It had been raining heavily earlier in the evening, but the storm had passed.

"He was on his way to see me when he was killed," she went on, more evenly. "That's why he came from the ball alone. I'd have gone myself to the ball, but I didn't want any talk, especially as Johnny was in London for the night."

"He came back by the last train," said Ferraby. "Did you know that?"

She stared at him, unbelieving.

"Who? Johnny—my husband? He didn't come back till the next morning. You're wrong about that."

"He came back the same night," said Ferraby, "by the last train."

He heard the swift intake of her breath.

"My God! Did he?" she said slowly. "I didn't know that."

They looked at each other in the half-darkness.

"Oh, well, that's something," she said at last. "Good night, Mr. Ferraby."

Before he could reply she had turned and disappeared into the darkness of the garden. He caught a glimpse of her as she opened the door of the cottage, and then he went on to the inn, puzzled, yet the detective in him stimulated by the interview.

HE HAD not boasted vainly about the comfort of his room. It was a large, low-roofed apartment, and if the wallpaper erred on the exotic side, the furniture was old and comfortable, the four-poster bed very promising.

He undressed at his leisure, read for half an hour and, opening the bottom sash of the windows, drew the almost transparent curtains before them, and retired to the four-poster.

Ferraby was of that age when a man sleeps soundly and heavily. Usually he fell asleep within two minutes of laying his head on the pillow, but tonight a long time passed, and he turned from side to side before he finally dozed. His last recollection was of hearing the village clock strike midnight.

Then he began to dream: an ugly, frightening dream. He was in the drive, talking to Isla Crane, and somebody came behind him and slipped something round his neck.

"Don't be a fool," he said, and put up his hand to loosen it.

It grew tighter and tighter; he was gasping for air; his head seemed swollen to an amazing size. He struggled desperately and woke. It was no dream; to pretend he was dreaming was to die. Something was tightly knotted around his throat and was being drawn tighter.

He tore at it, flung himself out of the bed and tugged. He heard the bed casters come squeaking towards him as he pulled the bed bodily in his direction. He clawed at the scarf desperately, but it was immovable, and he was losing consciousness. With one last effort he reached his waistcoat, hung on the back of a chair. There was a pocketknife there. He fumbled and found it, pulled open the blade and sawed wildly.

He was free from the worst of it now, but that choking thing still encircled his neck. There was a mad singing and drumming in his ears; he was hardly conscious of what he was doing, but he slipped the keen blade between his throat and the restriction and cut. In a second he was free, lying on the floor, gasping in the night air.

DIMLY he heard a quick patter of feet along the passage, and somebody flung the door open and came into blurred view over him.

"Is anything wrong?"

It was Tom's voice. He saw the figure on the floor, put the candle on the chest of drawers and lifted Ferraby into a sitting position.

"What's the matter?"

Somebody else came into the room; it was the landlord. They dragged the young man to the open window and let him kneel there, his arms on the window sill.

"Light the gas, Tom."

The inn boasted an acetylene gas plant. In the white, clear light they surveyed the room. The bed had been dragged from its place in the corner halfway across the floor.

Ferraby came slowly to his feet, his knees almost giving under him, his head still reeling.

"Pick that up for me, will you?"

He pointed to the fragments of a red scarf that lay on the floor and, dazed as he was, he realized that this was a replica of the scarf which had been used for the murder of Studd. It had been knotted round his neck and knotted again to the bedpost. His head must have been dragged over by somebody of unusual strength to make this possible. The very awkwardness of his position as he lay had saved his life.

Whoever it was had come through the window; the curtains were pulled aside, and on the damp surface of the ledge he found a faint footprint. A further search revealed a ladder which stood up against the small outhouse. There was something slightly comic in the situation when the village policeman was summoned and given particulars of the happening.

When daylight came, Ferraby made a careful search of the room, but the intruder had left no clue behind, and the footprint was so indefinite that it was of very little assistance. Tanner was called on the phone and given a brief outline of what had happened.

The chief inspector made few comments. Almost his first question was to ask if he had seen Amersham.

"No, he's not here; he went away last night."

"He didn't come back to town," said Tanner. "I think you will find he was somewhere in the region of Mark's Thornton. Make a few inquiries and

(Continued on page 41)

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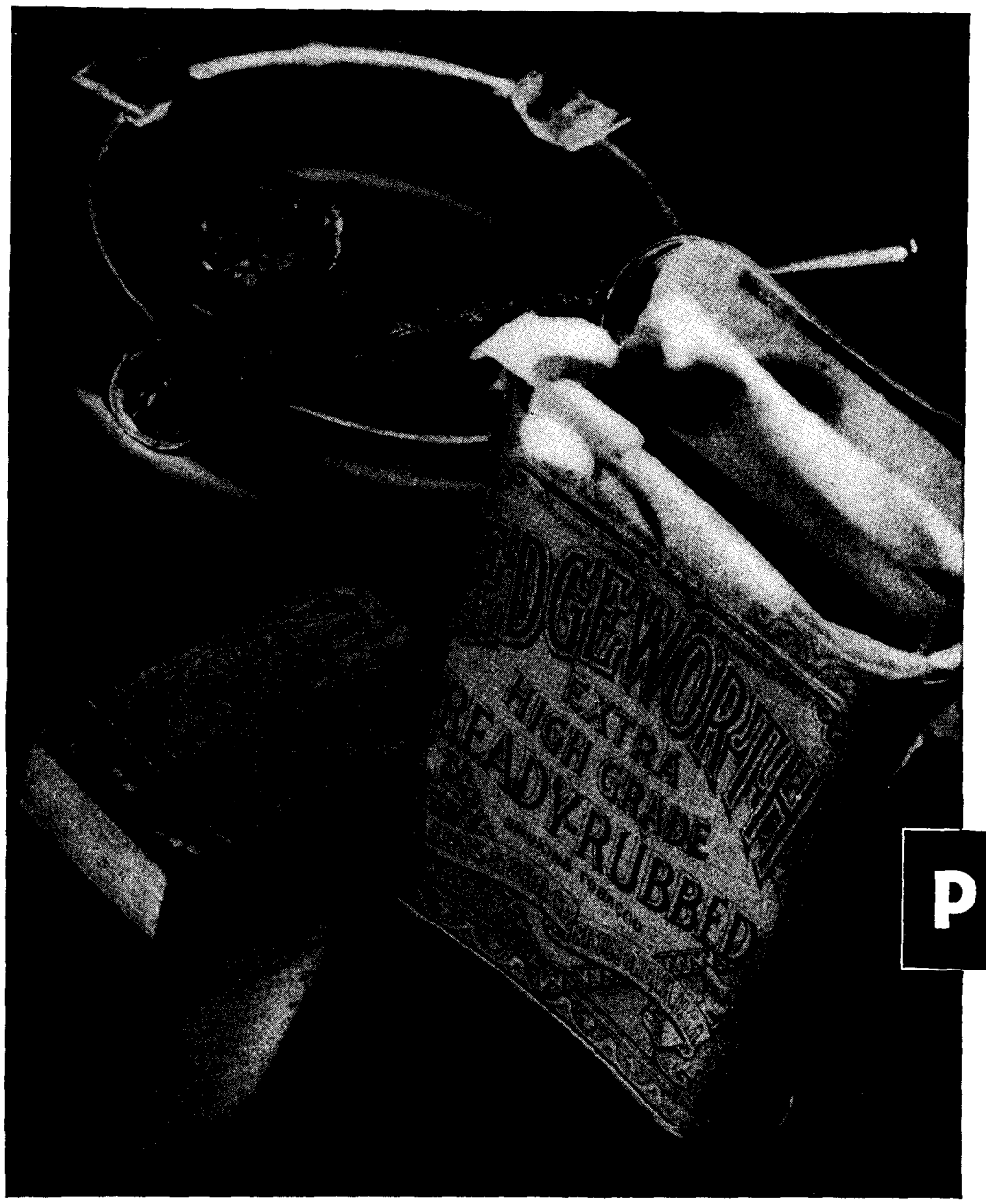

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 38

return. Bring back the bits of scarf with you."

"The local copper's got them," said Ferraby ruefully.

"Go and demand them from him. Anyway, it's our case, and if he gives you any trouble ring up the chief constable. I hope you're keeping this matter dark, and that the landlord isn't going to talk. The less that's known about this affair the better. If it gets into the press you'll look silly, and you'll have Mark's Thornton filled with reporters, and that's just what I don't want."

In point of fact, Ferraby had secured the promise of the landlord that the matter should not be even mentioned. The village policeman was a little more difficult to silence, and Ferraby took the precaution of telephoning the chief constable and securing for the constable peremptory instructions on the subject.

When he returned to town that evening it was to find that Tanner had gone into the country. He naturally supposed that they had crossed each other on the journey; but Mr. Tanner's inquiries had taken another direction.

TANNER had arrived that afternoon in a pleasant Berkshire village. He might, had he wished, have gone straight to the vicarage of Peterfield and interviewed the mild Rev. John Hastings. Instead, he made a solitary tour, inspected the Saxon ruins, which are Peterfield's chief claim to fame, the half-completed village hall, and eventually the church itself, where an obliging verger, who was also something of an antiquarian, revealed the charms of a building which was old when Henry VIII was king.

As a great treat he was taken to the crypt and shown certain gruesome relics of the Reformation. There were church records to be inspected which went back to the year 1400. Chief Inspector Tanner had an instructive afternoon.

He came back to find that he had missed Ferraby. That young man, a little shaken, had gone home to a less exciting night, but had managed to type out a fairly lucid account of what had happened. Tanner unfastened the little parcel which contained the cut pieces of the scarf. In every respect it matched the scarf which was already in his possession, that with which the life of Studd had been taken.

Though Ferraby had made a sketch of the bedroom and its approaches, this told the chief inspector very little that was valuable, but the young man had written a postscript on the back of his report:

"You were quite right about Amersham. He spent the night at Crinleigh, about five miles from Mark's Thornton. He stayed at the inn and garaged his car there, and spent most of the evening and night at some place I've not been able to discover."

Tanner read and re-read the account, put it into the folder he kept in his desk, and locked the drawer. The Mark's Priory case had flamed up into life again; it was now a vital problem, and henceforth would be in the forefront of police investigations.

Though Ferraby was not aware of the fact, a third officer had been sent to the village to pursue a third line of inquiry, and this time the investigation followed a new and strange avenue, for it concerned the late Lord Lebanon, who had died with mysterious suddenness while Willie Lebanon was in India.

By morning the one officer who had been detailed to keep connection with the mystery of Studd's death had been increased to a dozen. One of these reported the return of Dr. Amersham to his flat; another had taken up the inquiry at Peterfield where Tanner had left off; a third was pursuing patient inquiries at the American consulate.

It was reported at seven that night that the doctor had left Ferrington Court for Mark's Priory. Tanner went at once to Amersham's flat.

Totty accompanied him, and, once they were let into the flat with a passkey, they began a systematic and careful search. There was plenty of evidence that the doctor was no anchorite. The flat was luxuriously furnished; the one or two articles of Indian ware which he had evidently brought back from the East were tastefully chosen. His desk yielded to Totty's persuasive key, but they found little that threw light upon the doctor's habits or the source of his income.

They looked for his bank book, but it was not in the flat; there was, however, a bank statement which showed his balance to approach quite comfortable wealth.

It was Tanner who made the most important discovery. All the drawers of the desk had been taken out and their contents examined. He observed that two of these, those which occupied the center pigeonhole space, were very short and did not reach the back of the desk. He felt in the cavity and tapped the back, which sounded hollow. Presently he found a thumbnail groove and pushed aside a sliding panel. Putting in his hand, he felt something soft and took out a piece of cloth. He stared at it and whistled.

It was a red scarf, exactly the shape and substance of the scarf that had killed Studd!

THERE were two persons at Mark's Priory who intensely disliked each other. Mr. Kelver, that eminent servant, was too much of a gentleman even to admit his natural antagonism towards Lady Lebanon's maid, Jackson. Jackson, who was no lady, never disguised her contempt for one to whom she invariably referred as "the fossil."

The feud dated back to a time when Jackson, out of her kindness, retailed a long and apparently exciting story of something she had heard at first hand from her ladyship. It was a scandalous something, and Mr. Kelver had listened in silence. When the lady's maid had got out of breath and finished, he had said:

"I would rather—um—Miss Jackson, that you did not bring these stories to me. I am not interested in my—um—employer's private life. Members of the aristocracy have certain privileges which to the lower orders may seem—um—peculiar."

The woman's face had gone dangerously red.

"If you're referring to me as one of the lower orders, Mr. Kelver—" she had begun.

Kelver had silenced her with a gesture. It was that gesture which she never forgave. Thereafter they were enemies; tacitly so on his part, openly so on the part of Jackson.

She was a privileged servant in that she had the advantage of access to the main building after all the other servants had been locked out. At eleven o'clock, when her ladyship retired, she also was seen through the door by Lady Lebanon herself and the key turned on her. But those extra hours marked her out as a person of consequence. The staff at Mark's Priory had the impression that she was privy to many secrets which were hidden from the rest of the world. They knew that she had the ear of her ladyship as no other servant had, and she was treated with the greatest respect.

To Kelver she was a mischievous woman of uncertain age, and he suspected her, not without reason, of seeking to undermine his authority.

ON THE night Inspector Tanner made his discovery Kelver was in his little sitting-room, engaged in reading Scott. Probably he was the only man in the world who read Scott and nothing but Scott. Mr. Kelver admired the genius of Abbotsford to a degree of veneration, and he was on the last chapter of The Antiquary (which he had read fourteen times) when there came a knock at the door, and to his amazement Jackson sidled in.

A glance told him that she was not her usual self. She was flustered, nervous, almost humble in her manner.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Kelver, and you'll let bygones be bygones, because if ever a girl needed a friend I need one now. I do, indeed! And I know that a gentleman like you don't bear a young girl malice. . . ."

Mr. Kelver might have sniffed at the "young girl" description, but like a gentleman he refrained.

She released a turbulent brook of words, and, beyond questioning the accuracy of the repeated description of herself as a "young girl," Mr. Kelver listened sympathetically.

Her ladyship had been very trying, in fact had been impossible. She had given Jackson notice (Kelver felt a curious sense of complacency at this information); she had even struck her maid—boxed her ears, in fact. Mr. Kelver, who had often wished to perform the same operation, raised his eyebrows and inclined his head gravely.

"Her ladyship has been like that all day—absolutely unreasonable. Nothing you could do pleased her. Anyway, I was going to give her notice if she hadn't given it to me. I'm tired of this damned house—"

"Miss Jackson!" murmured Kelver.

"Well, it is a damned house—haunted! I've seen things, Mr. Kelver, in the two hours after you've been turned out" (Mr. Kelver winced) "that you'd never believe. I've just had a bellyful of it." (Mr. Kelver winced again.) "But when I go I shall have something to say, believe me!"

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Kelver, in his best pontifical manner, "the least said, the soonest mended. It takes a lot of people to make a world, and if we all thought alike and behaved alike it'd be a very monotonous place to live in. I have observed that her ladyship is not quite herself today. Something has happened which has upset her. You must make allowances, Miss Jackson, for the peculiar temperament of the well-born. Now, when I was in the service of His Serene Highness, it was not an uncommon thing for him to throw the joint at the chef. I have known that to happen twice—three times."

"I'd like to see anybody throw a joint at me!" breathed Miss Jackson.

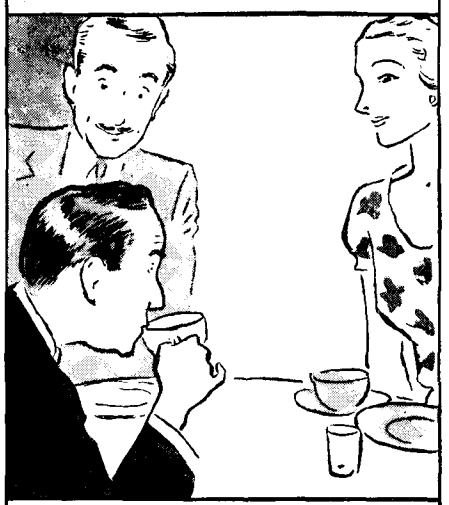
Such a possibility made Mr. Kelver very thoughtful for a few seconds. He looked at the clock on his mantelpiece; it was not yet ten.

"You're out early tonight," he remarked.

(Continued on page 42)

THE GUEST WHO'S KEPT AWAKE BY COFFEE

1 *Guest:* "No, thanks, coffee keeps me awake."
Hostess: "But this is Sanka Coffee, Walter. It's 97% caffein-free. It won't keep you awake."



2 *Guest:* "Well, just a tiny bit. Certainly smells delicious — I'll try one little sip. M-m-m!"
Host: "Go ahead, nothing to worry about. You'll sleep like a log."

3 *Guest:* "What! Morning already? Must have dropped right off to sleep! Now, what was the name of that coffee? Oh, yes — Sanka Coffee."

SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE
97% CAFFEIN-FREE

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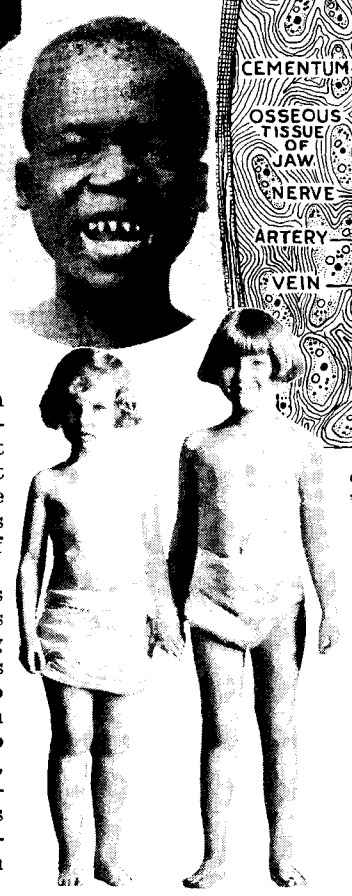
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

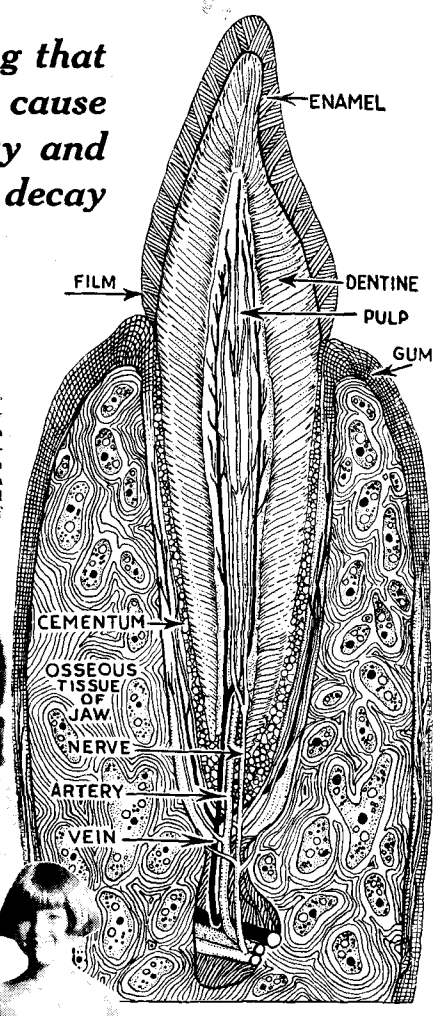
Science Throws New Light on Tooth Decay

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque"

Contrast the attitude of the savage below who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.



Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.



Cross-section of a tooth showing structure beneath the enamel.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the teeth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to toothache by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain between the teeth and under the gums, to decay. Germs, or bacteria, formed in and by this decaying food, make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve it.

When enough of the tooth material has rotted away and there is left only a thin covering for the nerve, the blood vessels around the tooth nerve swell up and press on the nerve—causing the pain of toothache.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing a sort of warm shelter for them and even supplies them with food to thrive on.

One of the most certain ways to fight the invasion of dental decay, is to prevent the accumulation of film on the teeth.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any toothpaste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best toothpaste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years, during which time the ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth.

FREE! Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

HERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and be sure to name the one you want.

USE THIS COUPON

Pepsodent Co., Box 169
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

I enclose empty Pepsodent carton for which send me Jig-saw Puzzle of .....

Signed .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from page 41)

"I've got to go back," she said. "She's got Amersham there, and there's a bit of a row on. She said she'd ring for me when she wants me."

Mr. Kelver, always a perfect gentleman, reached toward his own bell.

"You would like a cup of tea, Miss Jackson? I think your nerves need soothing."

"I'd like a whisky and soda," said that practical woman.

Mr. Kelver struggled hard to deny that he had such a thing in his room, but presently produced a new bottle from his cupboard.

THERE was indeed trouble at Mark's Priory that night. Dr. Amersham had arrived at nine, in no mood for reproaches, and himself in a frame of mind to reprove.

"My dear lady, I wish you'd decide earlier in the day if you want to see me. I had an important engagement tonight—"

"This is your important engagement."

Lady Lebanon sat stiffly in her chair in the big hall, her pale face a mask, her dark eyes menacing.

"If you have anything more important I shall be surprised to know of it."

He looked ugly for a second, but mastered his anger.

"I suppose it's about this detective. If he was fool enough to get himself half strangled—"

"Who told you?" she asked quickly.

"Gilder. He got me on the phone."

For a long time she looked at him without speaking. Then:

"It's not about the detective I wanted to see you; it was on a matter which concerns you."

She took a little slip of paper from the pad in front of her.

"A woman came to see me today, a girl who used to be a waitress at the teashop in the village."

She saw his expression change.

"Well?" he asked defiantly.

"Is it true that you have been—paying attentions to her?"

He evaded the question.

"What rubbish! My dear lady, if you listen to these people—"

"Is it true?" she asked again. "Was she a close personal friend of yours?—I refuse to put it any more vulgarly than that."

"I refuse to be catechized."

"I have heard, too, certain stories concerning Tilling's wife."

He laughed, but there was no heartiness in his laughter.

"You could fill a whole day listening to 'certain stories' about her. Surely you haven't brought me all the way from London to put me through my paces, as though I were a small boy caught in the act of stealing jam?"

She looked at him for a while, then let her eyes fall to the table.

"I suppose it is true," she said. "How beastly, how vulgar! It can't go on, of course."

He pulled up a chair, lit a cigar that he took from his pocket, and waited until it was well alight before he spoke.

"I've been thinking it can't go on," he said coolly. "I've decided I'd like to leave England and live in Italy. For quite a long time I've been doing your dirty work—"

Her chin went up; she hated him for his crudeness.

"You've been very well paid for doing my dirty work, as you call it," she broke in.

He laughed.

"Your idea of good pay and mine do not quite coincide. But I won't go into that. My suggestion is that I should leave at the end of the year, buy a villa in Florence, and forget there is such a place as Mark's Priory."

She inclined her head.

"Perhaps you will also forget that I have a bank account," she suggested. "That would be a great relief to me."

He smiled at this.

"Not you, but Willie has a bank account, and he very obligingly signs any checks put before him. No, I don't forget that; in fact, I'm rather depending upon this fortunate circumstance."

The air was electric. She restrained an obvious retort and touched a bell on her table.

"We can discuss that in the morning," she said. "I don't think either of us is in the right state of mind for argument; it could so easily degenerate into something rather horrible. Amersham, you must stop your philandering. It brings me into disrepute—everybody knows you have the entrée here—and it makes you look a fool. You're not a young man."

His vanity was hurt, and showed in the dusky flush that darkened his face.

"The question of my age is immaterial," he said. "It is rather late in the day for you to consider that aspect. And I'm not staying here tonight—in fact, I'm going straight back to town."

"You're staying here," she said, "or there will be no check for you tomorrow."

He glowered at her. Dr. Amersham had had the training of a gentleman, and if his principles had deteriorated into conventions to be observed or discarded as opportunity dictated, he preserved certain appearances. He might take money from a woman, but he must not be told he took money from a woman. That was against his rule.

She listened, unmoved, to his immoderate retort.

"I never realized how intensely common you were," she said calmly.

"You'll realize something else," he was stung to reply. "You'll realize that the police have never searched this house, and that if they did the fat would be in the fire. You'll realize you are entirely at my mercy, and that ought to bring you to your senses. I'm going. Perhaps I'll have a little story to tell Inspector Tanner."

She shook her head.

"I don't think so. Nobody would believe you if you told them. Tell them if you dare! Don't forget, Amersham, that you're as deeply in it as anybody. Your trouble is that you always wanted to handle Willie's money, and my offense is that I've stood between you and your shoddy scheme."

HE STOOD there, his eyes glaring at her, and for a moment she thought he was going to strike her.

"All right," he said thickly, "we'll see. I'm not returning."

He passed out along the hall, and she heard the heavy thud of the door as it closed on him. She did not move, staring down the dark passage even after she heard the whine of his car as it left the porch.

"Do you want me, my lady?"

Lady Lebanon looked up. Jackson was on the stairs, and she remembered she had rung for the woman. How long had she been there, and how much had she heard? As though she read the thoughts of her mistress, Jackson went on:

"I waited upstairs until I heard the door slam, my lady."

"Very well," said Lady Lebanon. "Yes, I'll be in my room in a few minutes."

Jackson heard the quick patter of feet and looked up. It was Isla.

"What's the matter, Isla?" Lady Lebanon's voice was sharp.

"Nothing."

Isla Crane was not speaking the truth. Something had terrified her!

(To be continued next week)

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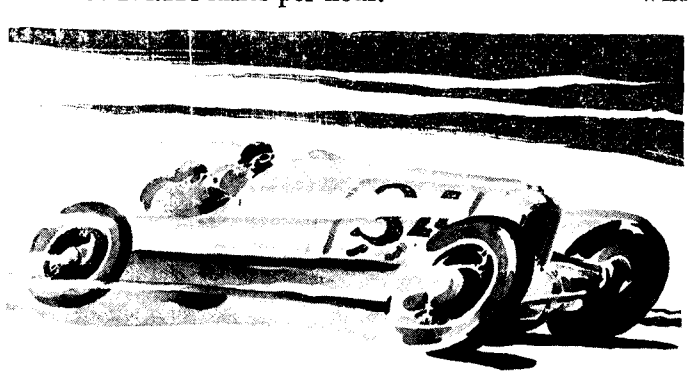
"After winning the Indianapolis 500-mile race last Memorial Day, I expressed a desire to pay public tribute to the supremacy of Champion Spark Plugs, as exemplified in my unusual experience with them. The Champion Spark Plug Company has generously turned this page over to me, for whatever value may attach to this true story, and my name as winner of this, the ninth consecutive Indianapolis race won with the aid of their product."

Fred Frame

"I am no writer, but I've got an honest story to tell which should, I feel, be very interesting to every motorist in the country.

"My victory in this year's Indianapolis race is now history and can be summed up in a few words. I drove a Miller-Hartz 8-cylinder front wheel drive job, owned by Harry Hartz and conditioned by him and Jean Marsenac. From the spectators' standpoint I drove a consistent race and set a new track record of 104.114 miles per hour.



"I had a lot of trouble with my cooling system. Six trips to the pits, mostly for water. After the 167th lap, I didn't dare stop. Neither did I dare tramp on it as I would have liked to. My water was low and getting constantly lower and my engine was overheating badly. I *had* to run the job as it was and by nursing it carefully it *did* continue to victory.

"When the race was finished there was practically no water in the radiator, while discoloration of all parts of the engine clearly showed terrific overheating. I don't know why the heck the spark plugs didn't melt.

"Anyone will realize that this is the most severe test to which a spark plug can be put. Yet my Champions never missed a shot, when by every normal standard spark plugs could easily have been the cause of my losing the race.

"What's more interesting to me and to you motorists are some facts Harry Hartz and I uncovered after the race. We were so impressed with what Champions did for me, that we started to check up on the rest of the boys merely as a matter of curiosity.

"Seventy-two jobs entered this race. Seventy-one used Champions. Only 40 could qualify. Thirty-nine of the 40 were Champion equipped, including the first ten to finish. There were mechanical failures of any and every description. Burned out bearings, broken rods, broken oil lines, wheels were thrown, and so on. While the records show spark plug failures, *none occurred on Champion equipped cars*. My hat is off to a true champion, and believe me, you can't overestimate the importance of spark plugs in engine performance."

CHAMPION DEALERS ARE DEPENDABLE. HAVE YOUR SPARK PLUGS TESTED AT REGULAR INTERVALS

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$200. a month for life

Would you be interested in this guaranteed life-long income?

Don't you often wish you could look forward to retiring some day on a Guaranteed Life Income? Many men and women who felt the same way a few years ago are now receiving Equitable checks for $100, $150, $200 or more every month.

And they will continue to receive those checks every month as long as they live. There are no "ifs" or "ands" or "maybes." They KNOW that they will be completely free of financial worries even if they pass the century mark.

A few years ago they had no definite financial plans for the future. Then they learned of The Equitable Monthly Income Plan for Retirement. Many of them began by clipping a coupon similar to the one at the bottom of this advertisement. That is a way for you to begin, too. The coupon below will bring you a copy of The Equitable's booklet about guaranteed Incomes. It tells you why and how a Life Annuity can provide a much larger income than any other equally safe plan affords.

The Retirement Annuity is but one of the many forms of Self-Income and Life Insurance service available through The Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the U. S. 7C.
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*
393 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send your booklet, "The Fountain of Perpetual Youth."
NAME .....
ADDRESS

Here's the Catch

Continued from page 13

Joe's favorite. Bring the milk to a boil, season with salt and pepper, drop in the oysters and bring to a boil again. Method Number Two consists in poaching the oysters separately, bringing them just to a boil in water, while the milk simmers in another saucepan. When the plate is heated, the oysters are put into it, the milk is poured over them and a lump of butter is added.

One of Joe's specialties is Poulette of Soft Clams, and this is the way it's done: You make a light fish stock, using left-over fish bones, preferably haddock, boiled up with a little onion, a laurel leaf (or bay, if you lack the laurel), a few cloves and a pinch of salt. This is strained and the broth is used to make a light sauce, which is boiled twenty minutes. The clams are poached separately in water and turned into the sauce, with sliced mushrooms that have been fried in butter. In another dish heavy cream is thoroughly mixed with yolk of egg, butter, salt, pepper and nutmeg. The two are then combined but not boiled, and if you ever tasted anything better, you must have dreamed it.

Frozen Assets

On the same auspicious occasion that started with this delectable clam concoction, the *pièce de résistance* was planked shad. Shad shouldn't be broiled on a griddle but given a well-buttered pan, with a slow fire. Season lightly with salt and pepper and baste every two or three minutes. In the meantime, the roe is being cooked in a covered pan with plenty of butter, for roe doesn't take kindly to broiling. Experts disagree as to whether it should be parboiled first, but Joe doesn't think so. When shad and roe are practically done, they're removed to the plank and a border of mashed potatoes is added. The whole is then put back into the oven to sketch in a bit of color on the potatoes, and when the picture again appears, Fulton Market roasted oysters and clams in their shells are added. Served with a simple salad, this dish can be trusted to make your guests thank the high gods they lived to see the day.

We asked Joe why more women didn't serve more fish, and he said, "Habit. They think Friday is fish day. They think certain fish are in season for a much shorter time than they really are. They think they can't get salt-water fish at all in certain sections of the country. They need education. Americans eat less fish per person per annum than the people of almost any other civilized country."

Contrary to most people's procedure, summer is one of the best times to serve fish. It's more plentiful, consequently cheaper. It's an ideal substitute for meat in the dog days. Mackerel, which usually comes in the expensive class, dropped as low as nine cents a pound in New York this season. Even such delicacies as shad may be had at reasonable rates by those who are on to the fact that it swims north. Fulton Market gets it in February from South Carolina, and the epicures rush to buy. But in June the shad is a Canadian, and even in August the Nova Scotians catch and ship it to us, only to discover that, for some inexplicable reason, it isn't in demand.

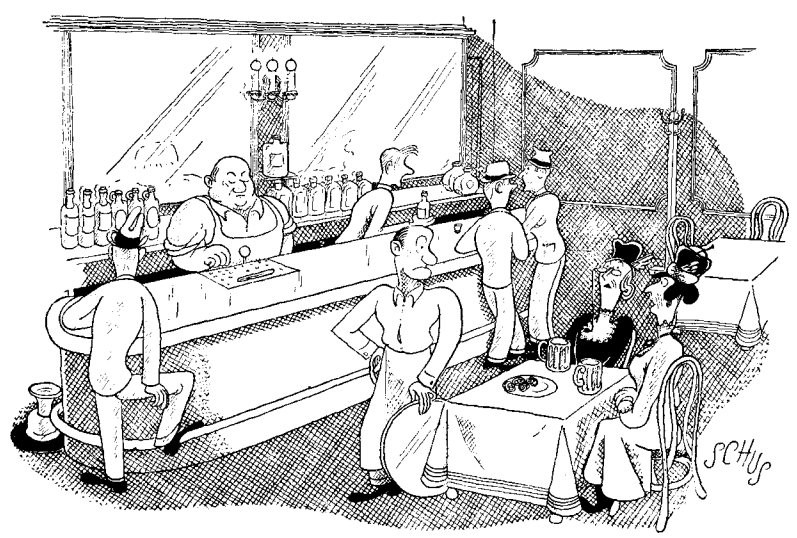
From June to December whiting can be had in New York for around eight cents a pound. Sea bass and halibut in season generally cost a quarter, and kingfish from fifty to seventy-five cents. Yet these three are really so similar that few people can tell the difference after proper cooking.

But perhaps you are saying, "All this New York stuff doesn't interest me. I live inland where I can't get salt-water fish."

Take the very fish we've been talk. about, the whiting. In quick-frozen "fish-stick" form, with head and tail and "innards" gone, whiting has distribution from the Great Lakes down to Texas—just as good whiting as the housewife gets on the seaboard—and the same thing is true of hake and cod. Fillets of haddock and sole, cod and halibut steaks are also available almost anywhere that refrigerated trucks and cars can go and proper storage facilities are to be had. Fresh oysters and shrimps and scallops can be bought the country over. Whole salmon from the Pacific are shipped direct to the consumer by several firms on the Coast.

So important does the Bureau of Fisheries believe the oyster to be from the food and health standpoint that it has issued a circular with vitamin data and ninety-eight recipes, all to be had by anyone who writes to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, enclosing five cents. While you're at it, you might as well pick up at the same price the Canned Salmon booklet.

Even the government can't make us all cook like Joe. But a bit of variety in the menu may help to give the illusion.



"Young man—another mug of that lousy needled beer — please!" *Adolph Schus*

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Tough-by Request

Continued from page 23

there was a pretty little chorus girl named Frances Vernon, who had left her home in Iowa to try the stage. She was called "Billy" by her fellow players and she adored the young Irish specialty dancer.

"My, you're a grand hoofer," she said one night.

"You don't hoof badly yourself," said Jimmy graciously. Out of this grew romance. Mrs. Cagney left the stage soon after they were married.

And So to Hollywood

Between 1920 and 1925 Cagney was, on the whole, better known in such cities as Easton, Allentown, Altoona and Harrisburg than on Broadway. Looking back, he refers to them as part of The Cagney Circuit. He had very little money and was usually broke. Then a mug part in Maxwell Anderson's hobo play, Outside Looking In, was offered him. Jimmy, having come close to perishing of fright on the opening night, won critical applause.

The acclaim won in Outside Looking In made things easier. Cagney had several good parts and some lucrative vaudeville bookings. On a scorching summer day he elbowed his way into the outer offices of George Kelly, who was casting Maggie the Magnificent. The place was crowded and Jimmy found himself standing beside a friendly, fair-haired girl who agreed that it was warm and said that her name was Joan Blondell. On the following day they met again, as the rehearsals started. Jimmy and Joan were the hits of Maggie the Magnificent and the next season they were signed, as a team, for Penny Arcade. It was this play which took them both to Hollywood, where Joan was destined to serve, in many a picture, as the receiving end of Jimmy's wallops.

Cagney's rise might not have been as swift had he not landed in Hollywood at the height of the gangster vogue. He attracted attention almost from the start: in Doorway to Hell, in The Public Enemy and then, as the right-hand man of a gambler, in Smart Money. By 1931 public acclaim had made him a star in his own right and he played the tough but fundamentally virtuous hack driver in Taxi. His pictures began to shatter box-office records throughout the country and Cagney pondered the fact that his salary was only four hundred dollars a week. He demanded an increase and finally extracted a raise of one thousand dollars a week.

He made another lucrative picture, The Crowd Roars, and again plunged into thought over the difference between his salary and the gigantic earnings of other stars on the Warner Brothers' lot. To outraged protests that a depression was under way, Cagney retorted that the industry apparently could afford salaries five or six times as large as his.

"I want," he said, "three thousand five hundred dollars a week." The producers retorted that he was crazy. They pointed out, with accuracy, that he would be barred from the stage as well as from the screen if he broke his contract. Jimmy proceeded to do exactly that, however. He said in newspaper statements that he did not care much about motion pictures, anyway, and that he really wanted to be a doctor.

The movie barons were almost persuaded for a while that Cagney was as tough, in person, as on the screen. Actually, he was in a position to bargain because, for the first time in his life, he had saved a little money. He finds it impossible to worry about the future with several thousand dollars in the bank. He did not worry much when he had only twenty cents in his pocket.

He is not tough; he is obstinate.

Hello, Opportunity!

Continued from page 17

"Perhaps. Maybe he'd fire me, too."

They looked at each other. Then he shook his head.

"It wouldn't do any good," he said. "We couldn't force the company's hand that way." He smiled as the absurdity of the idea overcame the infectiousness of her intense, earnest manner. "The order would be cancelled, we'd both lose our jobs and that would be that."

The girl did not waver.

"Did you ever hear of the Polar Star Company? Or the Electricold people?"

"Naturally."

"I happen to know that they've both been considering home and office cooling systems."

After a pause, he said: "It might work . . . if the news traveled fast enough."

She smiled.

"I know a trade journal reporter who'll spread it. What do you say? Do we gamble?"

He laughed and his voice was young again.

"Call in the Schwartzenkeiter salesman!"

THERE was a very important conference in the office of Jasper Purdey, president of Polar Star Refrigeration, Inc. It was attended by Brookings, vice president in charge of sales; Melliger, production manager; and Corbin, vice president in charge of advertising.

"It's the straight dope, Mr. Purdey," said Corbin, his voice shaky with excitement. "I got it from Larry Margrave of the Journal. Frost-Air ordered five thousand motors this morning."

"A girl in Joe Bland's office let Margrave see the order," put in Melliger.

"It means only one thing," said Brookings. "They are going into production on that room-cooler."

Jasper Purdey looked at each of his executives in turn. Their faces shone with happy relief.

"Old Louie Kent is a slick one," he remarked. "If he's willing to buck the room-cooler game right now, we must be near the turn. I never knew him to fail to pick the right moment."

Then the old combative gleam came into President Purdey's eyes. He slammed his hand on the desk.

"Well, boys," he said, "we'll give Frost-Air a battle. Cy . . . how soon can you get into production on that cooler?"

"Six weeks."

"Not soon enough. Make it a month." He turned to his advertising manager. "Eddie, let's make a spread on this. Try to find out by the grapevine how much

(Continued on page 46)

"You like that old pipe, don't you!"
"YES, I LIKE to smoke Granger tobacco. During my time, I have tried all kinds of tobacco; but, frankly, I have never found any other pipe tobacco that is as good as Granger.
"I think I know something about smoking tobacco, and I should say that Granger is the one tobacco that is made just right for pipes.
"Then again, it is in the right kind of package."

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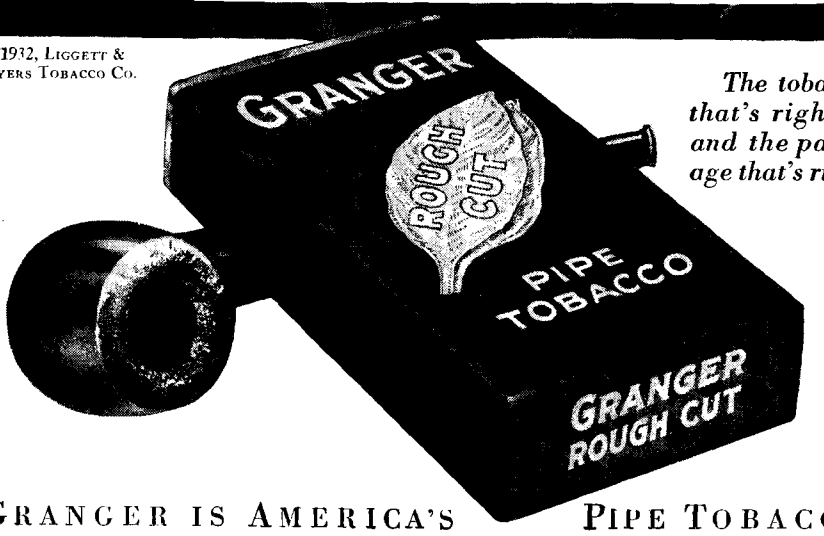

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(Continued from page 45)

Louie Kent is going to spend and boost the ante on him."

Brookings heaved out of his chair.

"That's the stuff, Chief!" His voice rang with an enthusiasm that hadn't been heard in conferences for months. "Let's go get those guys!"

Melliger laughed boyishly.

"Thank God for a garden!" he exclaimed. "We're started again!"

And President Purdey, swept off his feet by their jubilance, recklessly broke out a cherished bottle of pre-war brandy.

THE directors of Electricold Manufacturing Company, summoned by urgent phone calls and telegrams, sat about a long table in the board-room of the home office.

There was an atmosphere of tense expectancy, tinged with no little apprehension. The directors feared they might be asked to reduce Electricold's dividend or pass it altogether.

But when Whitten J. Ballinger, their chairman, entered the room he had the unmistakable air of a man who bears good tidings.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively, "you were summoned here because of a startling and, I hasten to add, a most fortunate development in the industry. As you recall, at our last meeting in January, the question of acquiring certain German patents on a home and office cooling device was discussed. You voted at that time—and I do not wish to pose as being more foresighted than you—to table the matter until conditions improved.

"Well, gentlemen, our competitors have decided not to wait upon our wavering courage. Both Frost-Air and Polar Star have, within the last thirty-six hours, embarked on a conquest of the home and office cooler field!

"It is cheering to me, and I know it must be equally cheering to you, to discover that two such business leaders as Louis Kent and Jasper Purdey have reached the mature conclusion that this is the turning of the tide! Frankly, their courage and optimism have made me a little ashamed of myself. It is not easy to learn from one's competitors, but I accept the lesson with, I hope, good grace.

"Now then—what is Electricold going to do about it? The chair is ready for discussion. . . ."

THERE was considerable discussion. It centered almost immediately on two points: how many units should be produced and how large an advertising appropriation should be voted. The Electricold directors voted finally to make a bold stroke for supremacy.

Old Louis Kent sat in the office of B. K. Mathes, president of Frost-Air. He was perspiring from an eight-block walk to save taxi fare.

"I can't understand those fellows, B. K.," he said plaintively. "At the association meeting Whit Ballinger and Jas Purdey leaned against the wailing wall straight through. From the way Whit talked you'd have thought he was headed for receivership. Purdey was just as bad."

B. K. chewed a pencil rubber reflectively. His eyes were narrow with suspicion.

"That was just a stall," he declared. "They wanted to get the jump on us."

Old man Kent snorted.

"But what's the idea? This isn't any time to open up a new market. Conditions don't warrant it." His voice became sententious. "This is the time for steady, unflurried conservatism. It is a time for rigid economy. How do they get that way? Seventy-five hundred units! Two hundred thousand for exploitation. And Whit's crowd are going even stronger. Why . . . it's business suicide. That's what it is."

B. K. twisted in his chair. He stared out a window.

"It may sound disloyal," he said, suddenly, "but I hope Whit and Jas are right on this." Then, with a defensive shrug, "The break's bound to come one of these days and I'd hate like hell to be left at the post on the room-cooler proposition."

Old man Louis said, "H'mph." He tapped the ash off his cigar.

"We-ell," he said, grudgingly, "I don't suppose it would break us up to build a thousand or so of the damned things."

B. K. beamed.

"That's my idea, exactly, Chief! Say, maybe two thousand or a little more. Enough to cover our territory and give every dealer a representation."

Louis Kent sighed despondently.

"H'mph. This is probably just a put-up job by Whit and Jas to make us squander cash reserve. But if your heart is set on it, B. K., I guess we can stand our losses."

B. K. glanced at him with a sudden, secret pity. The old man was slipping. Yep. He'd lost his grip. This thing had got him down. He didn't have the resilience to rally. All he could think about was losses. . . .

"Thanks, Chief," he said, briskly. "I'll keep expenses down. I'll—"

The old man grunted warningly.

"A hundred thousand loss is our limit," he said.

But B. K. didn't hear him. His mind was racing over the hundred and one problems of production and marketing.

JOE BLAND bustled into his office, directly from the station. He was in an extremely irascible humor. He found his office occupied by two young people who were laughing over something. He glared at them.

"Hullo . . . Kent . . . Miss Johnston. Say, how can I get hold of that salesman from Schwartzenkeiter's?"

"I've got his number, I think," said Miss Johnston, looking triumphantly at young Mr. Kent.

"Get him over here in a hurry." Then, to Kent: "The Chief and B. K. have gone crazy. Plumb crazy. Guess what they're up to? Room-coolers. Yeah. In *these* times. I got to buy those Schwartzenkeiter motors, if they ain't been sold. Hey . . . snap into it, Miss Johnston. Get hold of that salesman."

Miss Johnston cleared her throat. Young Mr. Kent cleared his. He spoke first:

"Why . . . I . . . uh . . . already have bought those motors, Mr. Bland."

Joe Bland stared.

"*You* bought 'em? When? How? Who gave you the authority?"

"I—I just took it. I filled in one of the orders you had signed in blank."

"What did you pay for 'em?"

"Twenty-five hundred less than the price they quoted you."

Miss Johnston looked demurely at her notebook.

"H'mph . . . you had a lot of crust . . . h'mph . . . when they going to be delivered? . . . Well . . . you're lucky, young feller . . . I ought to fire you, at that. . . ."

Then the girl spoke.

"You can't fire him," she said. "He's resigning. And so am I!"

"Say-y . . . what's all this? What's the idea?"

Miss Johnston smiled.

"We don't like the atmosphere around here. Come on, Les. Let's go."

Old man Louis Kent looked up from a sheaf of reports on the desk before him. They were rather incredible reports, and Mr. Kent had sniffed and grunted a good deal in reading them. It appeared from B. K.'s figures that the new home and office cooling device introduced by Frost-Air in advance of all competitors was actually selling. It was absolutely flabbergasting.

Dealers were reordering. Sales totals were not phenomenal, but the product was moving.

More astounding than this, however, was the front-page article in Mr. Kent's favorite trade journal. The headline read:

LOUIS KENT OF FROST-AIR STARTS COOLER BALL ROLLING

—

"Pooh-pooh Depression," Says Industry Veteran as He Places Big Motor Order

—

Polar Star and Electricold Enter Field With High-Power Programs Following Frost-Air Announcement

Mr. Kent scowled across the desk at his nephew, who sat beside a pretty girl introduced as a Miss Johnston.

"H'mph . . . now, what's all this about you resigning, Les? And what's the straight of this Schwartzenkeiter order mix-up? Who ordered those motors?"

"Les did," said Miss Johnston.

"No. She did," contradicted the young man. "It was all her idea. She had a hunch that if Polar Star and Electricold found out Frost-Air was ordering cooler material they'd rush into the field themselves. She figured the backfire would force Frost-Air into the field and—"

"But he did the actual ordering, Mr. Kent. He was the one who saw that the company ought to start its cooler-unit program. He risked everything on the long shot, too. He—"

There was a spirited argument between young Mr. Kent and Miss Johnston, each maintaining the other should take all the credit. Listening, old Mr. Kent frowned at the end of his cigar.

"Now, now . . . I wouldn't quarrel," he said, gruffly. "There's credit enough for both of you. Les . . . you're too young . . . too impatient. Um . . . ah . . . supposing you go on back to Joe Bland and make it up, eh?"

THE girl sprang to her feet.

"Les isn't going back to Joe Bland. He isn't going back to a little desk in a corner. You've got to promote him. He's to have a job of his own and an office of his own and a big desk!"

Old man Kent smiled.

"We-ell, that might be arranged."

"Golly. Thanks awfully, Uncle. I'll—"

"Wait a minute." She looked hard at the chairman of the board. "Les has got to have a decent salary. He's worth seventy-five dollars a week and he won't take a cent under that."

"Seventy-fi—a week? In *these* times? Don't you young idiots know that conditions—" He broke off. They didn't know. They didn't care. They weren't afraid. The game was young and new and they were starting with youth's high faith. They had something he used to have and had lost . . . no, not quite lost.

Old man Kent straightened in his chair.

"Okay," he said. "Seventy-fi—no, I'll make it eighty!"

"Uncle!" cried Miss Johnston, and hugged him.

When he recovered from that, they had gone. Their happy laughter sounded in the corridor. Moved by an impulse suddenly recaptured, old man Kent reached for his inter-office phone.

"B. K.? Listen. . . . I think I've got a sales idea that'll lick the pants off Whit and Jas in the southern territory. It goes like this . . ."

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Pillars of Sport

Continued from page 29

set in from which all baseball suffered until the glamorous Babe Ruth arrived to offset public head-shaking over the Black Sox scandal in Chicago.

It meant a good deal of personal satisfaction for Robbie to return and take his team of down-and-outers into winning stride. When the slump came his achievement was not forgotten, although he said little about it. He had demonstrated that the old tradition meant a great deal to a man who had helped to make it. He was to demonstrate this again. For after a long slump he brought the Brooklyn club, which he had saved from bankruptcy and raised to riches, to brighter days. And to show his superior instinct for baseball talent to every other manager in the business, he took another discard and coached him into being the most sensational pitcher of our era—none other than the speedy and celebrated, if eccentric, Dazzy Vance.

Robbie's more recent record is better left to the merciless figuring of baseball's statisticians. But his leadership has been steady through the years. Even when, at Ebbets' death, they made him president as well as manager of his club, and he found himself in a ticklish spot with the ownership split evenly, fifty-fifty, between the McKeever and the Ebbets interests, he made the club very profitable. And he was a seriously sick man, to boot.

Sam McKeever is his genial enemy to this day. Robbie is not managing. He's resting and hunting; but McKeever's keeping his fingers crossed. Some day, somehow, somewhere, Robbie will be back.

This philosopher, who made records himself as a player, who as a coach trained other athletes to make records, who as a manager showed that what nobody in baseball had ever done could be done—this doyen of the diamond takes cares lightly and views life with the eyes of reason.

"It makes no difference to me," he says, regarding his career as a generally satisfying human experience, "whether we win or lose, whether I'm out of a job or in one—I like the game, and I'll always be in it some way or other.

"Give me a team with a fair amount of energy and an even break in brains and experience, and I'll build a ball club."

His co-pillar of sport, Mr. McGraw, cannot say the same thing. His clubs have been built by a modicum of brains plus a maximum of money. For his system is different. McGraw drives his men, although he's sentimentally kind to worn-out players. Robbie paternally protects and counsels men. They stand the two of them, as contrasting types that have made the national pastime a reflex of the nation.

They couldn't be Friends

Continued from page 20

other girl who'd had the same sort of experience. She'd say the girl and the man understood each other. They'd helped each other out of scrapes when they were kids. They'd always confided in each other. She had helped him escape from a succession of girls he'd wanted to get away from and he had guarded her. Each could always count on the other. And so it wasn't love. It was just a beautiful friendship.

Milly remembered that when Hank had kissed her she had run away. She had run away into the house like a child. Of course Hank had had to kiss her. He had had to prove to himself that it wouldn't work—that he wouldn't get any kick out of it—that they would always be friends.

Ethel was right, of course. She hated to admit that Ethel could be right about anything. She hated the words in which Ethel had put it. But that was the whole trouble—if she had any sex appeal for Hank she didn't know how to use it. She'd acted like a child.

Milly took a deep breath and went into the house smiling. She didn't want the family to know her heart was broken.

She knew, dressing for the dance after dinner, what any other girl would do. Any other girl would pick over her wardrobe and try this and try that, looking anxiously for the thing in which she looked her best; and spend an hour on her make-up, and do her hair three times. Milly wouldn't. It was too silly. It couldn't do any good. She wore an old rag of a dress.

Hank didn't appear until the dance was half over. He came in with Florence Fleming and danced three dances straight with her.

Milly waited patiently for him to keep the date he had made with a gesture. But when he came she still didn't know what she was going to do or say. How could she be seductive to Hank? She couldn't. She might as well not try. But she loved to dance with him. They danced together so easily, so effortlessly.

Hank led her out on the veranda as the music ceased. They walked along the path toward the point, out of sight of the people on the veranda. They came to a bench. They sat down. It was Hank who broke the silence that fell on them.

"Milly," Hank said, "you aren't so awfully clubby. What's the matter?"

She couldn't say nothing was the matter—not to Hank. They had always been too frank. And now she couldn't tell him the truth. She was too proud and, besides, it wouldn't work.

"Well?" Hank said.

"WE'RE still good friends, I hope." Milly said. "But of course people do grow apart as they grow older—don't you think? I mean they may like the same things when they're kids and not when they're grown up."

"We've always liked the same things pretty much," Hank said, "and seen things the same way. What's different now?"

"You used to be a careless, happy-go-lucky boy," Milly said. "We laughed a lot together. But you've got more and more serious. You've been positively solemn this summer."

"Of course I'm more serious than I was," Hank said. "I've got to earn a living."

"I know you have, Hank. But just the same—"

"You're more serious, too," Hank said.

"Oh," Milly said, "I hope not."

(Continued on page 48)

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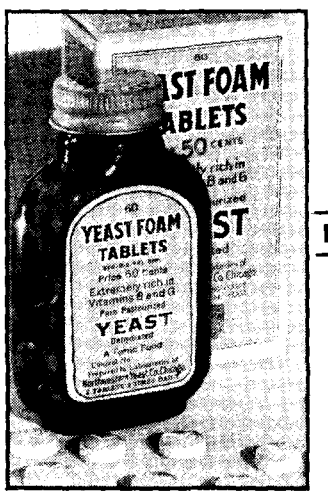

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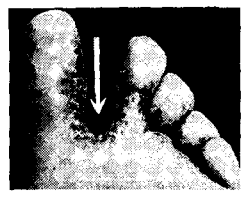

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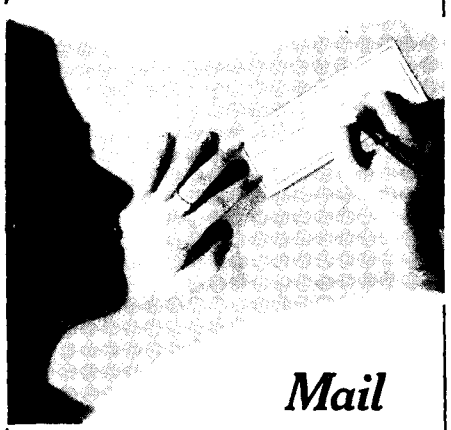

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(Continued from page 47)

"You are, though," Hank said. "What else is different?"

Milly knitted her brows. She knew now what she was going to tell him when he had pressed her hard enough. She knew, like a flash, what would bring Hank up short. But it wasn't time to tell him yet. "Oh," she said, "it's hard to say what is different—to put it into words. You must know that we've been slowly growing apart. When I read a book I liked I knew you'd like it—nine to one. Now—"

"I haven't read a book all summer," Hank said.

"There you are!" Milly said. In the old days she'd have told the truth. She'd have said she hadn't read a book all summer, either. But now she let Hank think she had.

"Milly," Hank said, "you aren't really coming across."

"I'm trying to, Hank," she said. "I'm trying to explain to you something that I don't understand very well myself. I like you a lot. I like you better than any other man I know. But—"

"But we aren't the friends we were."

"I can't bear it," Milly said, though not at all in the tone of a person who felt she couldn't bear it. "But I suppose that's so."

HANK found cigarettes. He gave Milly a cigarette and took one himself and struck the match.

"How much," he asked, "how much has my playing around with Florence got to do with making everything different?"

"I don't believe it has anything to do with it," Milly said slowly. "But perhaps it has. Perhaps I'm jealous without knowing it."

"Suppose, Milly," Hank said, "suppose I told you that I'm thinking of eloping with Florence."

"Oh," Milly said, "are you really?"

"I'm asking you," Hank said.

"Well," Milly said in her most judicial manner, "I don't know her awfully well. And eloping seems sort of foolish. I think you'd be wiser to wait for a divorce. But if you're really in love with her—go through with it and don't care who tries to stop you."

"I knew you'd say that," Hank said. "You haven't changed a bit."

Milly said nothing.

"Except in one way," Hank continued. "You used to come across when I asked you to. And now you won't. You're holding out on me."

Milly decided that the time had come. She waited, knowing that her silence was a tacit admission.

"Aren't you?" Hank asked.

"I suppose," Milly said, "I suppose—I am—a little."

"I thought so," Hank said bitterly.

Milly remained silent. She remained silent so long that Hank got impatient. "Well?" he said.

"I'd—I'd rather not tell you," Milly said.

"But you've got to tell me, Milly," Hank said.

Milly shook her head. "No," she said, "it isn't the kind of thing one does tell."

Hank stood up. He loomed over her in the dark. "Listen, Milly. There never has been anything in the past you couldn't tell me—any more than there's been anything I couldn't tell you. We've got past all that sort of thing. It's too late for you to talk to me about things one doesn't tell."

"I'd rather not, Hank," Milly said. "I'd really rather not. And you know it isn't a bit nice of you to insist."

"Yes, I know it," Hank said. "But I do insist, whether it's nice or not."

Milly waited a long minute. "I suppose," she said at last, "I suppose the whole trouble is that I didn't like your kissing me."

"I thought you wanted me to kiss you," Hank said.

"I did," Milly said. "It was just as much my doing as yours."

"Then what the devil do you mean?"

"I mean," she said. "I mean—it's hard to tell you, Hank."

"I want to know what you mean," Hank said hotly.

"I mean I didn't like the way you did it," Milly said in a trembling voice, as if she were about to burst into tears.

"What was the matter with the way I kissed you?" Hank demanded. "Do you think I don't know how to kiss a girl?"

"I thought of course you did," Milly said. "You certainly ought to know how."

"What do you know about kissing?"

"Not so awfully much," Milly said. "Maybe that's the trouble—maybe I expected too much. Whatever the trouble was—I—I didn't get any kick out of it."

Hank sat down rather heavily on the bench beside her. "Go on," he said.

"Of course," Milly said, "at first I thought it was because you had done it in an amateurish way. You know—like a small boy kissing his aunt. But when I got to thinking about it afterward I realized it couldn't be the way you had kissed me." Milly paused thoughtfully until Hank demanded that she go on. "What I think is this," she said. "I think I must have been in love with you all those years when I thought we were such good friends. I thought some day you'd kiss me and then we'd be in love. Half a dozen times I thought you were going to kiss me—I mean that you had it on your mind."

"You would have been right if you'd thought so a hundred times," Hank said.

"But you didn't do it. And, of course, anticipating the time when you would, I thought it would be perfectly grand. I mean altogether different from being kissed in a taxicab by some boy that you've only just met."

"I didn't know you did that sort of thing," Hank said. "I thought you were against it."

"I was," Milly said. "And I am. But after all— I mean you don't suppose you were the first man who ever kissed me, do you?"

"No." Hank said. "I don't now."

"Well," Milly said, "when you did kiss me I didn't get any kick out of it. And I think the reason is very simple. I honestly don't think it was your lack of skill. I think it's just that we aren't in love with each other the least little bit."

"I see what you mean," Hank said with astounding bitterness. He was so bitter that Milly felt revived and refreshed and deeply gratified.

Milly jumped up. "And now," she said, "let's go back to the dance."

"I don't want to go back," Hank said. "I want to prove to you that I do know how to kiss you and that you will get a kick out of it."

"Please, Hank," Milly said, and her throaty voice was no longer cool. She let the throb go into it. "Please don't."

"All right," Hank said. "All right."

MILLY saw out of the corner of her eye as she danced with other men that Hank was watching her every minute.

She left the dance the moment it was over, instead of lingering the way the rest did, and went to bed. She turned out all the lights. But she did not go to sleep. After a while she could see the time in the dark by the luminous hands of the clock on the dressing table. It was two o'clock. Milly waited patiently. It was after three when a handful of fine gravel rattled against the upper sash and the screen of the open lower sash. Milly went to the window.

"Who is it?" she called softly.

"It's Hank," he said. "Come on down."

Milly raised the screen and stuck her head out. "Are you tight?" she asked.

"No, I'm not tight," Hank said. "Come on down. It's important."

"I'm not dressed, Hank," Milly said.

"You come down here," Hank said.

"All right," Milly said. She put on a dressing-gown over her pajamas and slipped her bare feet into a pair of mules and went down to the side porch. They sat down in a sort of couch hammock that stood on the porch.

"The Florence thing is over," Hank said.

"She didn't throw you down, Hank?" Milly asked.

"No," Hank said. "She didn't. I threw her down, if you must know. And it wasn't so very nice, either."

"I can imagine," Milly said. "If she thought you were going to elope with her it wasn't very pleasant to tell her you weren't."

"She never thought anything of the kind," Hank said.

"I thought you said—"

"I said, 'suppose I said I was going to elope with her.' I didn't say I was going to."

"Oh!" Milly said. She gathered her robe around her and stood up. "I think it's awfully tough when a man has to tell a woman he doesn't really love her. I'm terribly sorry, Hank. I know how hard you take those things."

"Look here," Hank said, "where are you going?"

"Back to bed, of course," Milly said.

Hank pulled her down on the hammock. "No, you're not," he said. "I've got something to say to you first."

"Very well," Milly said coldly.

"I want to say that this is the last time I'm ever going to get into such a mess. I'm sick of being a damned fool about women. I'm sick of letting them make a fool of me. I'm through."

MILLY nodded. "I think you're right, Hank," she said. "I think you ought to try to quit it."

"I'm on to myself," Hank said. "I know now why I did it."

"It's hard to blame you for doing it, Hank," Milly said. "I mean you may have looked awfully foolish sometimes. But it was much more their fault than yours—the way they pursued you."

"No, it wasn't," Hank said. "It was my fault. I pursued them—because I was in love with you. I've been in love with you ever since we were in high school. And just because we got off on the wrong foot and were just friends and I never dared to kiss you is no reason why we've got to stay that way. And of course I made a mess of it the first time I kissed you. I was scared. It mattered too much."

"I g-guess I was scared, too," Milly said.

For a minute they sat side by side in the dark, their shoulders touching. Hank put his arm around her. Milly yielded to his arm. Milly put up her face. His face found hers in the dark. He kissed her tenderly. Milly put her arm around his neck.

"You little darling," Hank said. His lips brushed hers. "You little sweetheart."

Milly put her head on his shoulder.

"You're a little devil, too," Hank Adams said.

He kissed her again.

"Weren't you?" he asked.

"I suppose I was," Milly said.

He kissed her again.

"And you do get a kick out of being kissed—don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I do. I honestly do."

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Save Smoot and Watson!

Continued from page 15

ity awoke one morning last February o learn that the Deseret Savings Bank ıad closed its doors. "R. Smoot" was isted among the directors. Deposits vere about six million dollars. No one ılamed Senator Smoot, of course, for ausing the failure, but many asked, Why didn't he save it, with all his pull ı Washington?"

"Five-and-Ten" Jones

Tax bills, sadly enough, aren't unusal affairs. We had one back in 1928, ıough it was intended to cut, not to ıcrease taxes. The farmers tried to ut a few farm-products-tariff items ıto it. They failed.

Smoot and Watson smashed the idea f doing such an unheard-of thing. moot was chairman of the committee ıat made the bill. He voted: "Keep ıe tariff out of this bill."

Watson, leading Republican senator, ɔted likewise: "No tariff items in the .x bill. This is no place for them."

But in 1932, it was different. They ɔted to put the tariff items into the ll; they voted against all efforts to ke them out.

Senator Wesley L. Jones, a member the finance committee, uttered the ıdest yell not to remove the items. e's the senator from Washington. Yes, 's the famous Jones! You'll rememr him as the senator who thought that ohibition could be enforced if only the nishment were made severe enough. s prohibition law was known as the 'ive-and-ten" law; five years in the nitentiary or a $10,000 fine. Out in ; state of Washington the voters have en going lukewarm on prohibition. ; is coming up for reëlection. He's ne too far as a dry to try to turn en half-wet at this late day.

Senators who wanted tariffs all stuck gether. For the most part they were ıators who are seeking reëlection this ar. The new tariffs may not mean es, but they may mean golden bul- s with which to try to shoot down es. Mr. Jones fought for a lumber iff and got the help of senators who nted the oil, coal or copper tariffs; l when oil, coal or copper tariffs came in the Senate, Mr. Jones and his ends stuck up for them.

'These tariff laws on oil, coal, lum- and copper won't bring in any ney at all," said their opponents. ll they'll do will be to keep such merndise out of our lists of imports." Iow that fact will help Mr. Smoot, . Watson, Mr. Jones and several othlikewise to remain "in" is a mystery Washington lobbydom. It has some ue connection with party organizaıs and campaign expenses. Are we ıave more oil campaign money and ther Bill Hays scandal?

)ther senators, including some Demo- ts, voted for the tariff items, of rse; some for election-day votes, e out of sheer friendship. The plea ıelp a fellow senator or congressman l his job, if you can, never goes unled in the cloakrooms, providing it ıns no harm done to the man apled to. Being a senator is having a and senators know it. It's just like ing any other job that a man s to hang on to, if he can. Among ıators and congressmen the special inction of official position doesn't ap-

It isn't impressive among themes. But the job part *is* important. ow these men and their families in r places at Washington look upon r positions in downright human ıs—and naturally so—aside from the distinction and honors paid to them by the outside world, was impressively illustrated at the annual memorial services on May 25 for the members who had died during the year. There the humanness of one of our greatest institutions became overwhelmingly clear.

A beautiful service was held in the House of Representatives; the seats on the floor were filled with members of the Senate and the House, and their families. Banks of flowers rose before the Speaker's stand where the smiling Nick Longworth once ruled. Today his name is among the list of the nineteen members of Congress who are gone. A woman steps to the platform, before the Speaker's seat. There is a large empty vase on the desk with a mound of roses beside it. And she takes her place near the vase. She is Congresswoman Wingo of Arkansas.

The clerk's voice sounds. He is calling the roll. If he only wouldn't use his everyday voice! There is a touch of the everyday rush in it. He names his men, as he has done thousands of times before, just as if he expected to hear their casual everyday responses.

"Dwight Whitney Morrow!" That's the first name called. Silence! The name starts a rush of impressions in your mind . . . Mexico, prohibition, world debts, kindness, smiles. . . . We wait. The woman at the pile of roses slowly lifts a great flower and places it in the vase.

"Thaddeus H. Caraway!" Lobbyist fights, blood-drawing wit, newspaper headlines dripping with derision. . . . Another rose goes slowly into the vase.

Neighbors and Friends

And so it went—nineteen roses.

And now Chaplain Rev. James Shera Montgomery is praying. We hear his closing words, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen." But he does not stop speaking. Without a lapse we hear him begin to recite a poem by Charles Kingsley. It is not a poem of glory and of the impressive contentions of statesmanship but of desperate everyday toil and of families to be fed:

"Three fishers went sailing away to the West . . .
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

Then come the closing words:

"The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

Women, whose men even now are helping to make the laws of our land, and other women whose husbands had failed to answer the roll call of the day, were weeping and congressmen and senators were wiping their eyes.

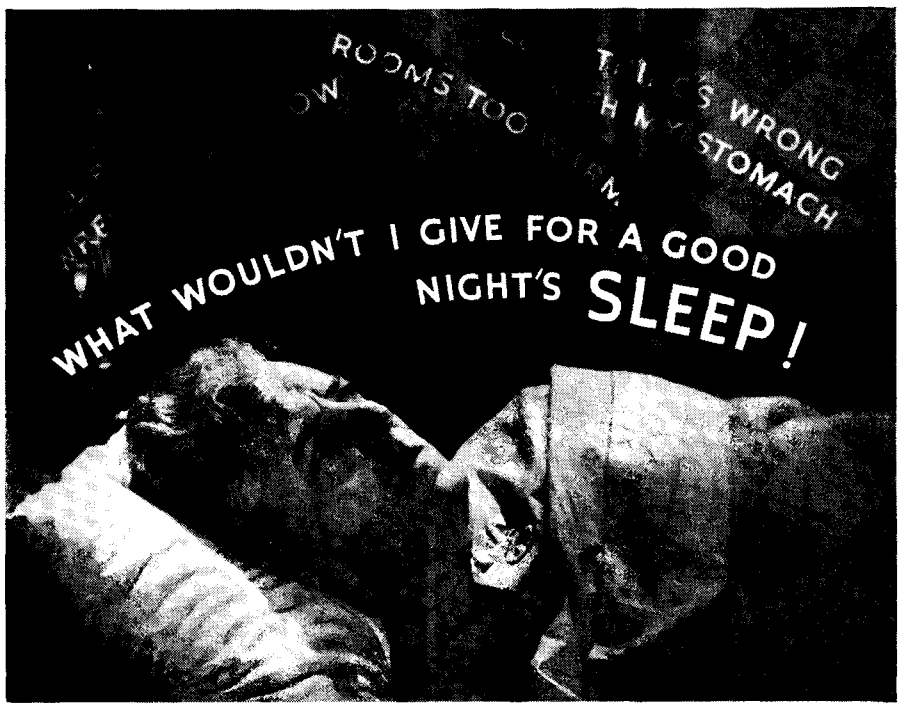
They were neighbors and friends, associated in grief, with all pomp, honor and distinction stripped away, hurt by sorrow in a world as workaday and humdrum as the one that any of the rest of us know.

"Give me a lift if you can," is a plea that counts for as much in the Senate cloakroom as it does among close business associates or neighbors anywhere else in America.

And that's another, and a different reason, perhaps, why the tariff items were passed.

CAN'T SLEEP?

Try This Natural, Drugless Way



Put an End to Hours of Worry and Tossing

Quiet Nerves—All-Day Energy Tomorrow

HOW soon do you fall asleep at night? Are you one of those lucky people who drifts off to sleep almost the moment your head touches the pillow?

Or do you frequently lie awake and toss—and then pay for it in a dozen different ways next day?

If you're one of the latter, you know there's nothing more nerve-wracking than lying awake at night. But sleepless nights are now folly to endure, as thousands of physicians will tell you.

For Ovaltine—a delicious food-drink originally discovered in Switzerland—now brings you sleep a natural way, entirely without drugs. Deep, refreshing sleep that quickly overtakes you as soon as you go to bed.

But that's not all. Taken regularly, Ovaltine tends to restore your ability to sleep soundly *every* night. Then no more night-time tossing. No more listless days.

Mornings you awaken greatly refreshed, both in body and in spirit. For this remarkable food-drink acts to restore your nerves and tissues as you sleep. And greatly increases your capacity to recover speedily from fatigue.

How It Induces Sleep

Medical opinion now attributes most sleeplessness to these three things:—(1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Ovaltine has the power to combat all three.

First: When taken as a before-bedtime drink made with warm milk, it tends to draw excess blood from the capillaries of the brain. Thus reducing mental over-activity—"conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation. Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin).

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

See For Yourself

From tonight on, say "goodbye" to sleeplessness. Get acquainted with Ovaltine—see how soon you relax and fall asleep

More important—as you continue to take Ovaltine, note how quickly you fall asleep *every night.* Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—what a store of lasting energy you acquire.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Mix two to four teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of warm milk—and drink it just before you go to bed. You'll be amazed how naturally and quickly you'll fall asleep—how much better you'll feel tomorrow! 927

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula

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Collier's

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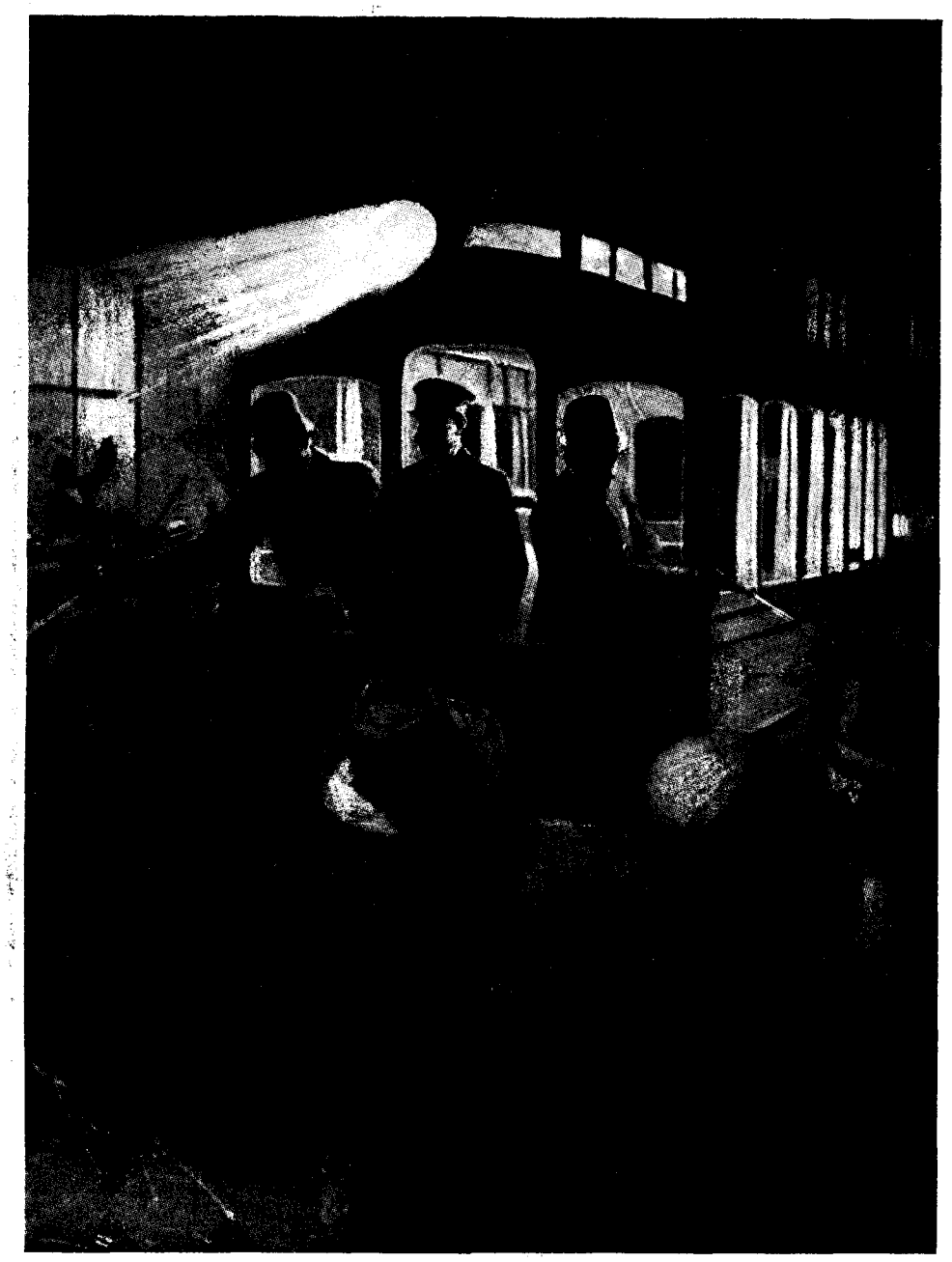

Illustration from Collier's Weekly, August 12, 1899

Rioting in Cleveland during the street-car strike of 1899

Name on Demand

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, widow of the famous President, is reported to have been wearied at the receipt of 300-odd telegrams and letters congratulating her upon the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

These enthusiasts communicated under the delusion that the Democratic nominee was the former Republican President. Actually Theodore Roosevelt was a fifth cousin of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Both were descendants of Claes Martenzen van Roosevelt, who settled in New Amsterdam in 1644. Franklin came of the wealthy Roosevelts, his father, James Roosevelt, being a director of many corporations and the squire of the fine old estate, "Crum Elbow," at Hyde Park on the Hudson.

Don't, however, be too scornful of those who vote for the Democratic Roosevelt because they haven't yet heard of Theodore Roosevelt's death thirteen years ago.

Most of us, confronted by a long ballot, do not have even the help of a remembered name to guide our electoral choices. Blindly we mark crosses for candidates who mean nothing at all to us. How much wiser are we upon such occasions than those who think the Great Bull Moose of 1912 is the Democratic candidate of 1932?

Panning Out

AN EXPERIENCED prospector can by hand labor earn $4 or $5 a day working in the California hills and in the gold-bearing regions of neighboring states. So thousands of men this summer turned to prospecting. Digging gold seemed vastly preferable to waiting for a job.

Indicative of how like conditions produce like results in remote places, Chile is sending the unemployed out to the gold-bearing rivers of the Andes to prospect.

The Chilean government, being Socialist, feeds and clothes the prospectors but hopes to obtain the gold and to use it to improve exchange.

In Canada there is a large increase of individual prospecting. Altogether the gold production of Canada this year, it is estimated, will be $62,000,000—an all-time record.

Similarly gold production is increasing in Rumania and in Australia. The rise in gold prices has had the universal effect of stimulating renewed search for the precious metal. Old diggings which had produced hundreds of millions, first worked by hand and then by machinery, and finally abandoned as unprofitable, are under new conditions again responding to man's age-old thirst for gold.

Our Foolish Fears

WE CAN learn something of present worth if we re call the events and conditions of the Gay Nineties To those who were struggling along with life's difficulties forty years ago the nineties did not seem so gay. A later generation thought that adjective descriptive.

Actually the years during which Benjamin Harrison Grover Cleveland and William McKinley occupied the White House presented conditions much like those today

Falling prices, unemployment, agricultural unrest were as widespread then as now. Politics was as confused and business leadership as uncertain.

One great difference, however, is notable. In the nineties class fear and partisan prejudice reached high-water marks. The bitterness which flared around the Pullman strike is hardly understandable now. Men talked and women wrote as though we were facing a French Revolution.

The bitterness of feeling extended to the political parties. Here, for example, is what the editor of the New York Tribune said about the harmless William Jennings Bryan Democrats:

> Its nominal head was worthy of the cause. Nominal because the wretched rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing high-sounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist, and other desperadoes of that stripe. But he was a willing puppet, Bryan was—willing and eager. None of his masters were more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of the campaign against the Ten Commandments.

The Altgeld contemptuously denounced as an anarchist was merely the Illinois governor who had evinced a sympathy for organized labor.

Expressions on the other side were not less extreme. The Populist platform began with the statement: "We meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin."

It is almost shocking to recall the list of the reforms advocated by the Populists and their allies and opposed by conservatives in both parties. Except for free silver most of the important changes demanded by the radicals of that day became law, and the republic still stands.

The Federal income tax, the direct election of senators, postal savings, land conservation, the regulation of railroads and public utilities, and the secret or Australian ballot—these are the issues which made men see red a generation ago.

If present-day conditions remind us of the nineties, we may congratulate ourselves that tempers now are more equable and opinions less exaggeratedly fantastic. Nothing in this Presidential campaign threatens the pillars of the republic and everybody knows it.

What the nineties should teach us is to consider proposals for change open-mindedly and without class or partisan prejudice. In the years to come the government will be compelled to make further important changes.

Laws will be passed for the purpose of improving the economic condition of farmers and for giving greater security to wage earners and salaried workers.

Not even the wisest fully understand the workings of the economic laws which mean so much to our happiness and welfare, but at least we know enough to laugh at the foolish fears men entertained forty years ago.

More experienced now, we can experiment. Unsound as well as sound measures will be offered. We shall be much better off if, without partisan prejudice, we sift the sound from the unsound and try without delay, and regardless of the source of the suggestion, to put into operation practicable reforms.

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